Shared Madness

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Summary

Will Graham thought that a master's degree in forensics psychology would get him a decent job after quitting his job at the FBI, but he had to settle for working as an orderly at the BSHCI. Everything was going alright, until Chilton makes him the primary caretaker of Hannibal Lecter.

Notes

hello!
The first chapter is collaboration between Kai_99, Selyne, MaddieContrary and C0GN1T1VE.

beta'd by Selyne

Also there's a bit noncon part (not between mains), it starts after (*) and ends before the second (*). You can skip the part if you want, I've put a little summary in the end notes so you don't miss out anything.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will Graham had to leave his job at the FBI so he didn't end up locked at BSHCI when things got messy after the Minnesota Shrike case. His boss, Jack Crawford, did his utter best to goad Will back in the field but Will didn't relent.

One would think that a master's degree in forensic psychology would get a man some decent job, but Will's antisocial personality makes him an undesirable employee. His aversion to eye contact and touch also doesn't help the matter. Even the most mundane jobs require him to be 'sociable', which is an ability Will was not born with. After months of odd jobs to save enough money to pay his rent, Jack pitied him enough to get him a job interview at Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

The irony is not lost on Will.

Getting a job at BSHCI was not as difficult as he had initially thought. The head orderly, Barney Mathews, asked him a few questions. Mostly focused on the time he would be comfortable working and stuff like that. It seems that there is no experience required to work there - other than not being dumb enough to die by an insane patient.

Will is in charge of the second basement level, where the most notorious serial killers are held. Because of his previous job, Will has heard of some of them; Abel Gideon, the man who murdered his wife and in-laws on Thanksgiving; Miguel 'Multiple Miggs' Smith, who is a serial rapist, and their very own resident cannibal; Hannibal Lecter, who was caught by a young trainee, Miriam Lass. She didn't make out alive but the man responsible was caught.

Will has yet to meet Hannibal Lecter. Only Barney deals with him because, apparently, the man is big on politeness and Barney is the only one who can tolerate him enough to act civilized around him. Plus, Will heard that they don't throw *'fresh meat'* at Doctor Lecter, he scares them away in one day.

Despite Will's initial skepticism, his job is not that bad. Nobody expects him to be sociable - except Matthew, who likes Will for some reason - and even the pay is good enough to pay bills and buy groceries. Everything is going smoothly - or rather, it was until Doctor Frederick Chilton called him to his office one evening before his shift started.

Like almost everyone in the universe who had the unfortunate experience of being in the presence of Doctor Frederick Chilton for longer than ten minutes; Will finds that even with the patience of a Saint - which he doesn't possess - Chilton tests him. If he had known that being under Chilton's employ would mean suffering the constant attention of the pompous ass, he might have given this job a hard pass.

There's something about the way Chilton stares at him whenever they cross paths. A calculating and possessive glance, like he enjoys having Will working in his hospital. He certainly seems to enjoy pestering Will, using every opportunity to drag Will into his office.

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Will isn't sure what's worse, Chilton or the chair he is made to sit in across from the other man. There is a spring out of place and it presses uncomfortably into his left buttock. Will sighs and tries not to glare at Chilton who looks smug for some reason Will doesn't care about.

"Now Will, it's been about a month since you started working in our hallowed institution, right? Long enough to get into the swing of things?" He leans forward, baring a toothy smile at Will that doesn't reach his eyes.

Will looks across at him over the rim of his glasses. Did Chilton expect him to answer that question? "So!" *Apparently not*, "Barney tells me you're learning the ropes fast enough. Time to give you some more responsibility I think, see what you do with it."

The other man is in the habit of hearing himself talk so Will doesn't say anything.

"You must have heard about Hannibal Lecter, considering your previous job."

Chilton has made it no secret that he has snooped in Will's past, he knows that Will worked for the FBI. He has tried many times to get Will to spill beans about his 'skills' and Will has deferred the advances as well as Chilton's some *other* untoward advances until now. If Will was not in such dire need of a job, he would have punched Chilton in the face when he 'accidentally' touched Will from behind. An *accident* that keeps happening again and again. For the time being, Will only prayed that the man could keep his hands to himself until Will could find some other job.

"I have," he replies.

"Good good. Then you must be aware of the danger Lecter possesses for my employees."

Oh, Will is well aware. Matthew was kind enough to fill in Will with all the gossip in the previous month. Danny, an unfortunate orderly, got his tongue ripped out by Doctor Lecter for sputtering vulgarities. Will is also aware of the fact that how much Chilton hates Doctor Lecter for some personal reason.

"I am."

"Then you would be perfect for the new job. Barney is retiring soon and he wants to get you ready for taking over his job before leaving."

Nausea rose unwelcome in the back of his throat.

Will is lurching forward, grabbing Chilton by his offensively lilac lapels, deftly winding the phone cable around his throat, and pulling so, so tightly.

Except that Will is not doing any of those homicidally violent things. He's sitting there blinking at Chilton. His hands are tingling from the phantom pressure of the phone cable biting into his skin, only they weren't, because he hadn't strangled Chilton to death in his own office. But he wants to do it very badly right now. So badly that for a moment he thought he had.

"Mr. Graham. Are you quite alright?" Chilton's face is scrunched up enough for Will to realize he's just been staring at him mutely for a good ten seconds too long.

"Barney's - oh yes, I think I recall Matthew mentioning it," an uncomfortable warmth is swamping up Will's back between his uniform and the old leather of the chair, "and you want me monitoring Doctor Lecter. Fine. That's - just fine."

It isn't fine.

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Will is still reeling from the news of his unexpected promotion when Chilton calls Barney to introduce Will to Hannibal Lecter. It seems like Will is going to be presented to royalty instead of a convicted patient with the amount of preparation they took to take him down. He is aware that they are just making sure that he doesn't have anything on him that can be used as a weapon but all the touching just makes him uncomfortable.

Barney is walking behind Will, almost as if he is worried that Will is going to run away as soon as he sees Hannibal Lecter.

They walk down the corridor that Will has taken so many rounds in, never straying further than Abel Gideon's cell, where he knows the infamous doctor stays. Will can't say why he didn't meet the man before this, it's not fear that has kept Will away but something else. Like an impending sense of dread that if he ever stepped across that invisible line, he would never be able to turn back.

He stops before the line now, unsure if he wants to go through with this. He can refuse Chilton, he can't be forced to do something he doesn't want. Right? But why he doesn't feel that way?

It feels more like this is inevitable, this - whatever *this* is - is going to happen whether he wants or not.

"Will, are you alright?" Barney asks with a concerned voice.

Feeling stupid for letting the rumors get to him, Will nods and steps across the invisible line.

The first thing he notices is how luxurious the cell is - compared to the other cells at least - there is a desk in one corner of the cell with various pencils and papers neatly arranged on top. A few sketches are hanging on the walls with scotch tape. There's also a small plastic barrier in front of the toilet to grant a sense of privacy.

Will is confused. If Chilton hates Lecter, why did he give the man so many things?

His thoughts are cut by a deep, accented voice saying his name, "Hello, Will."

Hannibal Lecter stands in the middle of the cell, proud in his stainless white jumpsuit, like a king holding court. He is taller and broader than what Will imagined, physique well maintained despite being in a mental hospital. Will keep his eyes firmly on the prominent cheekbones of the older man, feeling the intense gaze on his face.

"Hello, Doctor Lecter."

"I wanted to introduce Will to our routines today," Barney said, "so that there is as little disruption as possible when I leave."

"I am well acquainted with Will here, I've been hearing him shuffle about here all month," Doctor Lecter's mouth stretches in an amused smirk, revealing sharp teeth hidden behind the full lips, "of course, it is only today that I've had the pleasure of actually seeing him."

Will dares to sneak a glance up and is instantly captivated by the strangest eyes he has ever seen.

Melted caramel in the sunlight; that's what Will thinks Doctor Lecter's eyes look like - not the sinister red the orderlies have said they were - but it's not the color of his eyes that has Will frozen in place like deer in headlights, no, it's the strange look in those eyes. Even with his empathy, he can't decipher the complex emotions in that look. Nor does the doctor give him enough time to do so before speaking again, "Tell me, Will, were you afraid of what you might find in this cell."

"No, I just didn't have any reason to come."

"I suppose that is true. We must thank Barney then, for finally giving you a reason to come to *me* ."

Will doesn't miss the way the other man stresses the word 'me', neither does Barney. The head orderly shuffles uncomfortably. Will has seen Barney deal with Doctor Lecter enough times from afar that it is clear that the reason for his discomfort is Will, which in turn makes Will uncomfortable.

Barney reminds him about the letter he was supposed to give Doctor Lecter. Will walks a few steps to the side where a metal slot opens to exchange things without getting in the grabbing range of the bars of the cells and drops the paper inside. Will almost flinches back when he realizes that Doctor Lecter has also moved with him, and he is standing much closer to the bars than before. Will watches in fascination as the other man tilts his head forward, closes his eyes, and breathes deeply.

"You smell like apples, motor oil, and mud under that unfortunate aftershave of yours."

Will huffs in irritation and replies without thinking, "I would say something about yours but then again, you're not allowed one."

Doctor Lecter’s answering smile is full of teeth.

“I see they’ve sent me a sparring partner this time.”

“Please don’t antagonize the orderlies I’ve selected for you, Doctor Lecter,” Barney’s voice comes from afar, sounding wry. “Otherwise Doctor Chilton would send you the orderlies *he* selects next time.”

“Ah,” Doctor Lecter’s eyes sparkle with amusement as he glances at Barney, “can’t have that now, can we?”

For a moment, Doctor Lecter’s eyes flick to the camera in the hall, eyebrows raised in acknowledgment, knowing that Chilton is watching their every move even now. Will can’t help the smile that creeps on his face at the powerplay despite himself. He schools his expression as fast as he can, but Doctor Lecter catches it regardless.

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For the rest of the shift, Will learns the routines and procedures required to deal with such a high-security prisoner. He stays focused, or at least he tries to stay focused - to not think of Dr. Lecter's interest in him, in his reaction to that interest - but it's a losing battle. No matter what Will is doing, his thoughts stray back to the older man. It says something about Will that he is getting excited by the prospect of gaining the attention of a convicted serial killer and a cannibal.

"Did the fucker freaked ya out?"

Will nearly jumps out of his skin at the unexpected voice. He turns around to find Matthew leaning against the doorway with a grin on his face.

"Who?"

"Lecter. Heard Barney took you down to meet the freak."

Will doesn't know how to identify the feeling bubbling inside of him at hearing Matthew talk about Doctor Lecter like that. Will doesn't know why Matthew is showing this much hostility towards Doctor Lecter. Even from a few minutes of talking with the older man, Will gets the idea that Doctor Lecter is the epitome of civility. He may think of himself above the common *pigs* but he would never be rude to them.

"Doctor Lecter doesn't scare me," he replies simply and turns his back to the other man.

"It's *Doctor* now, is it?"

Will doesn't rise to the bait and after a few minutes of tense silence, Matthew leaves, slamming the door unnecessarily.

What the fuck is his problem?

First day of training and Will has gained a 'sparring partner', pissed off his friend - or whatever Matthew is - over something he doesn't even know he did, and talked shit about Chilton with Barney. All in all, it's not bad.

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That night Will has some very nebulous dreams. He wakes up hard, but confused as to why. He dreams of a blood lake and a ravenstag, a dark winter forest, and through it all, he gets a sense of Doctor Lecter observing him from afar.

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The giddy anticipation that Will was feeling all the way to the work burst like a balloon when he sees Chilton waiting for him at the front desk and asks Will to accompany him to his office. Chilton sits in his chair, chest puffing out. It doesn't take a genius to figure out who Fredrick is trying to imitate. It's almost pathetically stupid.

"Barney told me about your visit to Hannibal yesterday. I have to say, I'm quite impressed, Mr. Graham," there is a glint of wickedness in Chilton's eyes like he knows something that Will should know, "It seems that not only you got the approval from Barney, but also from our dear cannibal friend too."

Will's stomach clenches at the mention of Doctor Lecter and the fact that the man approves for Will to be his primary handler. Will is not sure if he should be happy about the promotion or scared for his life. Both seem to be the answer, but the reasons being that he is entirely too pleased by the prospect of spending more time with Doctor Lecter, and scared for not being afraid of it.

"Your duties include making sure his meals are delivered on time and are up to his standards, he might try to take a bite out of you if the meat is not fresh enough. Take him for a thirty minutes walk in the evening. Check his cell for contraband and concealed weapons. Take him to the shower area after the rest of the inmates have used it and don't let him out of your sight even for a second."

Will is so busy calculating the amount of time he'll be spending with Doctor Lecter that he doesn't even say anything as Chilton puts a hand on his lower back - fingers almost touching his ass - and escorts him out of the office. Will shudders at the feeling of Chilton's hand, but the thought of seeing Doctor Lecter nude and wet is so - intriguing.

They hand Will a taser gun for subduing Doctor Lecter if he tries to attack Will during shower time. The guards stand at the door of the shower area, close enough that they would be alert to any unusual activity but far enough that they wouldn't be able to reach Will in time if Doctor Lecter did decide to sample his flesh.

Will leads Doctor Lecter to the enclosed shower area at the back of the room. It is covered from two sides by the wall and the third side by a plastic cover like the toilet in the cell, it doesn't have a door, instead, Will is supposed to stand there. Keeping watch on Doctor Lecter's every move.

Honestly, Will doesn't get the deal between Doctor Lecter and Chilton. Sure they hate each other but despite that Doctor Lecter is given more privileges than most inmates here. Will wonders if making an orderly watch Doctor Lecter as he showers is some kind of play to get back at the older man by humiliating him.

Not that Doctor Lecter is feeling any particular shame.

Doctor Lecter stands right in front of Will and starts opening the buttons of his jumpsuit to reveal a white tee shirt underneath. Will turns his face away as the older man hooks his fingers in his boxers and the bottom part of the jumpsuit and pulls down. A sharp sound of finger-snapping makes Will jerk his head towards the guards who gesture him to keep his eyes on the inmate.

Will feels his face heat up as he takes in the expanse of naked flesh revealed to him. The standard uniform does not do any justice to the man's physique. From the broad shoulders to the thick arms, to those long legs; Doctor Lecter is a sight to behold, and don't get Will start on those pale chest hair. As soon as his eyes start going on the downward path below the older man's navel, Will snaps his face up. Of course, he still gets a glimpse of the uncut cock - it'd be impossible to miss *that* - but ogling is a step too far. As soon as Will looks up, he catches the smug expression on the older man's face.

Will swallows as Doctor Lecter takes two steps back to stand under the shower and begin lathering soap on his body. His movements are efficient and quick but somehow still sensual. All the while Doctor Lecter maintains eye contact with him, until Will breaks it. Not out of a sense of shame, but because Will is helpless to do anything but follow the path of the older man's hands with his eyes. It's like the other man's movements are hypnotic, making his fingers twitch to follow each swipe of the cloth with his touch.

A door opens somewhere, pulling Will out of his trance.

"Here," comes the impatient command from Matthew, as he all but throws the towel and fresh clothes at Will. He barely manages to save them from being ruined.

Matthew's right eyebrow twitches as he glances between Will and Doctor Lecter, like he could see the perverse thoughts going through Will's head. Will turns his attention back to Doctor Lecter in time to catch a glimpse of something dark in his eyes before it's gone. He takes a step toward the doctor and passes the towel silently, making the older man smirk for some reason at Matthew.

"When you're done here, come find me. I wanna talk to ya," Matthew says.

The way Matthew turns the sentence in order makes Will bristle. He doesn't bother acknowledging the other orderly with a response. Just because he is quiet, doesn't mean that he would let everyone walk over him. Matthew huffs and walks away.

Doctor Lecter dries himself and hands Will the towel. Will is so busy folding the towel that he doesn't notice when Doctor Lecter dresses and takes two steps towards Will, standing a hair too close. Will freezes in place, afraid and excited at the same time. The older man raises his hands and waits for Will to gather enough sense to cuff him again. This close he is looming over Will. Will doesn't dare raise his eyes in fear of what he might find there this time, or what the older man might find in his.

Maybe if Will was looking he would have seen Doctor Lecter nod to the guards who begin talking to each other, completely ignoring Will's startled yelp as Doctor Lecter noses along his ear to his cheek.

"You look absolutely *delicious* in your shyness, Will," the older man says and then bites Will on the cheek. Not deep, but enough to sting, which the older man then soothes with his tongue. It should be disgusting, or at least horrifying, but the sound Will makes as Doctor Lecter sucks the flesh between his lips is anything but. There is only one point of contact between them and it still feels like too much. Before Will could even understand what's happening, Doctor Lecter pulls back with a lick on his reddened cheek, making Will sway on his feet.

The older man chuckles at his flushed face and walks away as if nothing happened. Will follows after him, trying to control his flush, ~~hoping~~ wondering if it would happen again next time.

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The whole way back to Doctor Lecter's cell, Will tries his best to control the dizzying sensation coursing through him at the memories of what transpired a few minutes ago. Doctor Lecter is walking ahead of him, completely relaxed while Will is struggling to think of an appropriate excuse for the vivid red mark on his face if someone asked about it. There are no cameras in the shower area and the guards were distracted so nobody would come to interrogate him if he doesn't tell anyone about what happened.

But Will should tell, shouldn't he? A cannibal literally just *tasted* him and called him *delicious*, and yet he can't bring himself to tell about it. Will tells himself that the reason for his reluctance is that he could lose his job as he didn't yell for help, or used the taser. They would think that he can't handle Doctor Lecter, which is not entirely untrue. But it's not like the older man had tried to harm him, not really. It felt like he was being tested, like the man wanted to see what he would do.

Will bumps right into Doctor Lecter as the man stops in front of his cells.

"You are awfully distracted, Will," the older man says with an amused voice as he enters the cell, "mind sharing your thoughts with the class.

"I think I prefer you getting handsy than Chilton's attempts," Will mused absentmindedly.

Will's brain catches up to his mouth as he sees Doctor Lecter's whole body stiffen at his words. Will just basically admitted that he prefers to be groped by a Goddamn serial killer. What is wrong with him? No wonder he didn't clear the screening process at the FBI.

"Frederick touched you?"

Doctor Lecter asks in a calm, controlled voice. He is still as a statue, no emotions betraying his face. His eyes, however, are shining in a murderous rage - looking more like the crusted blood color that everyone says they are.

Oh.

Will swallows, unable to determine how to answer that. Everyone knows how lecherous Chilton is, how he has harassed many orderlies long before Will started to work here. And yet, no one dared to say a word to anyone. He overhead Denice, a fellow orderly, saying to someone that Chilton has never been this handsy with anyone else and that Will is probably encouraging Chilton. Will had wanted to sneak to the bathroom to cry that day. Even if by some miracle someone believed Will instead of thinking that he is some gold digger taking shots at the reputation of a respected man, he can't risk his job. Will knows that Chilton won't fire him, no, he would make Will's life a living hell here.

Will must have let something show on his face as Doctor Lecter's gaze turns concerned and he takes a step towards Will.

Will panics.

He shoves Doctor Lecter back. The man barely manages to gain his footing but Will locks the door and takes a staggering step back, panting harshly. Will's mistake becomes apparent as Doctor Lecter calls his name in alarm, trying to warn him, but it's too late. An arm wraps around his throat, pulling him firmly against the bars of the cell behind him.

The shrill sound of the alarm ringing makes Will even more panicked, but the real horror comes from the knowledge that murder is the farthest intent his abuser has in mind because Will is trapped in the clutches of Miggs who has him by the throat against the bars.

"Pretty boy! Let's have some fun, Pretty boy," Miggs says as he started humping Will as best as he could. Will feels nauseated at the hardness pressing unrelenting against his ass through the bars.

"Miguel, leave the boy this instant."

Doctor Lecter's order falls on deaf ears and his lips twitch back in a snarl.

Will claws at the arm keeping him in place to free himself, but he freezes as his airway starts to cut off. A warning that this could turn much uglier if he doesn't comply.

"Do not fight him, Will. Relax, the guards are coming."

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Will listens to Doctor Lecter's advice and stops struggling. A few seconds later, a buzzer sounds from the end of the hall, indicating that someone is coming to rescue him. Unfortunately, Miggs can hear it too and realizes that his toy is about to be ripped from his hands. He uses his other hand to grope between Will's legs, squeezing him painfully. Will makes a distressing whine and moves his hips back to escape the unwelcome touch, but all that does is just push his ass firmly against the other man.

"Oh, you like that, don't you? I know you do, I know. Been waiting for weeks to get my hands on you, pretty boy!"

Matthew is finally there, along with two guards. The guards, not wanting to take the chance of Miggs hurting Will, take caution in approaching the cell. Will knows that they're planning on letting Miggs finish and use that time to grab him. Miggs is not even bothered by their presence, instead, he is more excited by the prospect. Thankfully, Miggs stops groping Will, instead using his hand to jerk off. Will is forced to endure it all until Miggs moans and makes a mess on Will's trousers.

Without a doubt, the most humiliating part of the whole ordeal is that Doctor Lecter has a front row seat to this show.

Riding the high of his orgasm, Miggs loosens his arm around Will's throat for a second - but it’s enough for Will to escape. The guards are instantly opening the cell to restrain the inmate, but not before Miggs had one more chance to humiliate Will. He swings his arm and throws his cum at Will.

That is the last straw. Will pushes Matthew away and enters the cell himself.

"Coming for more, pretty - "

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Miggs doesn't get the chance to finish before Will punches him in the face. The satisfying crunch of a broken nose sends a shiver down his spine. He doesn't stop there, he continues to beat the man - not caring that he would be probably suspended - wanting to return that

feeling of being *powerless*. Will didn't stop until the guards manage to pull him off, and by then, the rapist was almost dead.

Matthew drags Will out of the cell, kicking and snarling. He wraps his arms around the shorter man, restraining Will effectively. It was the worst thing he could have done in the situation; Will was just restrained and abused by a vile man in a similar manner, and forcing him again is not going to do any good. Will's skin feels as if it's crawling with spiders, he shudders in disgust. He needs to wash himself, he can feel the cum drying on his skin. He needs to be away, he can't be here. There are too many people here, too many voices fighting for dominance in his head. His fortress's walls are in rubble, he let Miggs get under his skin. But who can blame Will? Nothing like this has ever happened to Will.

"William."

That deep voice pulls his attention like a moth to a flame. He stops struggling to look at Doctor Lecter. The older man is looking at him with such intensity that Will feels both exposed and safe. He keeps his eyes on the doctor, taking in the calm composure that he could not find anywhere else.

"That's it. Match your breathing with Mr. Brown's."

Will gets the feeling that Doctor Lecter would rather not have Matthew anywhere near Will - and Will finds that he doesn't mind the possessiveness, not when it comes from Doctor Lecter. While Will works to pull his shields back in place, the guards take Miggs to the medical ward. Once Will has his thoughts back on track, he straightens up. There is a reluctance from the other man before he lets Will go.

A guard calls Matthew from the end of the hall and he turns to Will with an expectant look.

"You go ahead, I'll be there in a minute," Will says.

If it wasn't for the impatient guard calling Matthew again, Will is sure he would have argued about leaving Will alone with Doctor Lecter. Will is not even sure why he wants to stay here when he was just - when this happened. Will waits until he is sure that he is alone in the hallway before walking right in front of the cell. Doctor Lecter is doing something in the sink, his back is turned to Will.

Will knows he is supposed to wait for the man to return and he is proven right when Doctor Lecter brings a damp hand towel. They are standing so close that the only thing that is separating them is the bars of the cell. Doctor Lecter raises his hand with the towel and waits. A silent question. Will nods and that's all the permission the older man needs to bring the warm towel to Will's cum stained face.

Will closes his eyes, he can't look at Doctor Lecter now, not at his most vulnerable moment.

Will sways with the movement of Doctor Lecter's hand as it glides across his cheek - the same one that was bitten only fifteen minutes before - down his neck in efficient movements. He doesn't have to open his eyes to know that the older man is observing the changes in his expressions with a laser-like focus.

"Will?"

He hums, lulled into a state of pliancy by the ministrations.

"Do not quit your job."

At that, Will does look in the eyes that seem to change color; they are honey-golden again.

"That's very selfish of you, Doctor. I had a traumatic experience, I should not keep any association with this place."

"Yes, it was a traumatic experience, but you also had a therapeutic experience as well just now."

"Beating a man to near death is therapeutic?"

Will is barely aware of what he is saying. All he knows is that somehow, his hand is in the older man's smooth hands.

"Quite. As a psychiatrist, I would say that you're a successful patient."

"Am I your patient now?"

The older man's eyes flick down to his lips, before coming back to stare him down again, "No."

There is a challenge in Doctor Lecter's eyes; daring Will to ask how Doctor Lecter sees him. But that is not something Will is ready to face. Everything is moving too fast for him to even understand what is happening in the present moment. He never has before, but throwing the good doctor in the equation is not helping him in the least.

Even if Will is not ready to ask that specific question, he needs to know the reason behind the older man's interest in him.

"Why?" he asks.

"Because I find you interesting."

So simple. Doctor Lecter finds Will interesting because Will is interesting. What a strange notion. Will is not even moderately interesting, but something inside him preens at the admission. Feeling that he is expected to answer, Will goes for the most obvious one.

"Well, I don't find *you* that interesting.

Doctor Lecter smiles, revealing sharp canines that were hidden behind those lush lips, and says, "Liar."

Will suppresses a shiver at the accusation, he doesn't object because it is true, he is lying. But he is not about to actually admit that.

"Take leave for a few days and come back to me," Doctor Lecter orders - because, yes, that is exactly what it is - and pull Will's hand to his lips.

It is then that Will notice his bruised and throbbing knuckles. Doctor Lecter brushes his lips lightly against the bleeding knuckles before firmly licking them. The wet glide of the tongue causes the wounds to sting and he whimpers softly. Just like before, it is over entirely too soon. Doctor Lecter retrieves his hand from Will's and steps back, a clear sign that he is dismissed. Will silently walks away, mind still reeling from what happened.

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This day was a roller coaster and Will is all but ready to pass out as soon as he gets home, but luck is not on Will's side today. One would think after the shit Will just went through Chilton would show a little mercy on him and let him go home for the day at least, but no, he called Will in his office again. He doesn't offer Will a seat, a power play to make Will squirm. Too bad that it's not going to happen anytime soon.

"Tell me what happened from the start," comes the order.

Will retells the story, with as many details cut out as he could get away with. He can't give Chilton the reason why he was distracted or how he got in the grabbing range of Miggs in the first place. He would pull Will off of Doctor Lecter's duty and Will can't have that. He has barely gotten a taste of the older man's company and he is not ready to lose that. Not now yet.

"You do realize that if the news gets out about this, you can be charged with abuse of power."

Will blinks at the man in shock. Is he fucking kidding? He is actually making that disgusting man the victim here, like Will wasn't the one who was abused. It shouldn't surprise Will - the man sitting in front of him abused his power every day with Will and many others before him. Of course, he would spin the tale in whatever form suited him to keep Will under his thumb. After all, it wouldn't do Chilton any good if words got out that an orderly was assaulted under his administration. Better to snuff out the possibility of bad media now. Even if he has to crush the dignity and spirit of the victim, besides, it would serve his purpose of having leverage over Will.

Up till now, Will was so careful to not give Chilton the upper hand, he was already his boss, the power imbalance was bad enough. And now Will has handed the ammo to be blackmailed on the silver platter.

In just a mere two days his life has gotten so out of hand, he regrets taking this job, even if it's the reason for his meeting with Doctor Lecter. He feels like prey surrounded by predators, all intent on devouring him.

"Now, don't look so gloomy, Mr. Graham, you should be very thankful that I have talked with the other orderlies and they've agreed to not say anything about this."

Will's stomach drops at the news. He should be thankful that at least he won't be charged with anything, but all he could think is how much he owes Chilton now. He feels nauseated by even the thought of what Chilton might ask in return - Because he would ask, he didn't do this from the goodness of his heart.

"Thank you, Sir."

Will takes satisfaction with the wrong title as it pulls a wince from the other man. He refuses to call Chilton by the same title he uses for Doctor Lecter. Will is sure that the man is a more capable doctor than this buffoon of a man sitting in front of him.

"It is my pleasure," now it's Will's turn to wince at the sheer amount of vulgarity the man manages to put in one sentence. "Now, take a break and come back, it's nearly time for Hannibal's walk."

Will opens his mouth and closes again. Completely dumb stuck. Does this man have no sympathy? Does he not understand what just happened to Will? He can't honestly expect Will to just shake it off and get back to work as if nothing happened. This kind of stuff leaves a scar on the psyche of a person. Will knows that he is in no position to quit his job because of his financial reasons, but at the very least the man could have granted him the courtesy of a few days off.

Chilton is watching him closely, waiting for his response. He knows exactly what he is asking of Will and what it's doing to him but the man doesn't care. Will is not sure what exactly Chilton's agenda is - other than getting in Will's pants - but he is too worn out to figure it out. He can ask for the time off himself but he won't, who knows what trouble he would invite by that.

Will nods and leaves. He just exits the office when Matthew ambushes him. The other man grabs Will's arm and drags Will to the empty surveillance room.

"What're you doing?" Will hisses at Matthew, rubbing his arm.

"What the fuck are *you* doin'? Do you know what else Miggs could have done to you given the time?"

What is with the men in this hospital and their presumption that they can manhandle Will however they want? He is not some submissive thing that is willing to be pushed around. Just because he tolerates Chilton does not mean that it gives everyone reason to think that he is going to take bullying - even if it comes from some sort of misplaced sense of worry.

"You think I don't realize that, huh?"

"No, I don't think you do. You're lettin' Lecter get in your head."

Will sputters at the unexpected change to the topic, "What? How is it his fault now?"

"I know what he is doing! I can see it!"

"Oh yeah? Do share then?"

Will knows that he should back off, he is stressed and just went through a traumatic event. Doctor Lecter has helped him reinforce his mental shields successfully, but it did not come without a price. In doing so Will has stolen a part of the older man's personality. He can't help it, his empathy is a complicated condition. He stays away from people because after a while he starts absorbing their traits, his mind mirroring them, and with someone who has such a strong personality as Doctor Lecter's, Will is entirely helpless to stop it from happening. Not that he is even trying. Already he can feel his words and speech changing to something utterly unique to him. This whole thing is a new experience for him, never has he ever let this happen willingly - He wants to know what would happen.

"He is manipulatin' you, Will!"

Will laughs loudly at this. He can't believe this is the post Matthew wants to hitch his horse at. Everyone Will has ever met so far has been trying to manipulate him for their own purposes, he is not unaware of it - he knows all the tricks after all.

"Don't try to think that I don't know *who* is trying to do *exactly* what, Matthew," he says with enough venom in his voice that the other man backs off instantly and changes his tactics.

"I'm your friend, Will, I care - "

Will cuts him off, "You're not my friend, you don't know me. Just keep it professional, alright?"

Will watches the hurt flash in the other man's eyes before anger replaces it. He knows he hit a mark with his sharp words, but he can't bring himself to be sorry about it. He has been pushed too much today to care. It seems that Matthew also realizes this as he walks away without answering Will. Will shakes his head and tries to gather his thoughts but it's a useless endeavor. He is too wind up to calm himself enough to focus on one thing.

Before he knows it, it’s time for Doctor Lecter's walk. Will gets up with a sigh and gives himself a pep talk to face the older man as he washes his face once again. He is still embarrassed that the doctor had to witness what happened to Will and then he cleaned the cum from Will's face. Will wants to die of mortification.

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Doctor Lecter is surprised to see Will waiting for him to be cuffed before taking him down the hall to the elevator and out to the fenced garden. The only beautiful thing about the hospital is the lush garden with its rows of trees and numerous benches.

Will is aware it's more for the looks than the comfort of patients, but it doesn't stop the patients from enjoying it. He knows he certainly does, he finds himself here quite often when he has time to spare. It's a welcome distraction from the congested building that makes Will feel like one day they won't let him go back from there.

Doctor Lecter walks leisurely, enjoying the fresh air and natural light. Unlike the patients that are admitted on the upper level with a window in their room, he is only granted this luxury only thirty minutes a day. Not enough for a man like Doctor Lecter, he is not one to be confined. Will knows how ridiculous this sounds, no one belongs in cells, but seeing Doctor Lecter here is like expecting a lion to live in a cage. Alive but frustrated.

Will expected some kind of questions from the older man but they walk in silence until Doctor Lecter asks to be taken back to his cell. The whole half-hour goes without a word being exchanged, Will would be worried about it if he doesn't realize that the other man is giving him space that everyone else didn't. A chance to breathe without the pressure of some expectations.

The thought makes the ball of tension in Will unclench.

As he locks the cell, he lingers for a moment too long, trying to convey what he couldn't through words - Because he doesn't need words with the older man. Doctor Lecter nods in understanding and smiles warmly at Will. A sight that stays with him all the way home.

Chapter End Notes

summary of the noncon part: Miggs grab Will through the bars of his cell. He humps Will until he orgasms and then throw his semen on Will. Will loses his shit and beat Miggs in a bloody pile.

Chapter 2

Chapter by Kai_99

Chapter Notes

Beta'd by Selyne

This chapter is Hannibal's pov of the previous chapter.

The possibility of being apprehended was always a looming thought at the back of his mind. Every crime scene was a risk despite his best effort to never leave any evidence that would lead the police to him. But it was just, as they say, a sheer amount of dumb luck that became the reason for his downfall at the hands of an FBI trainee. Hannibal would have respected Miriam Lass if she had caught him by her intelligence, but no, a careless mistake of leaving the sketch of his latest tableaux alerted Miriam of his true nature. Her survival instincts made up for the lack of intelligence at least. She ran instead of confronting him. He gave chase obviously but that day, if the metaphor is to be continued, luck was not on his side. He did not notice that she was calling her mentor to update him about the investigation when he sneaked up behind her to choke her in unconsciousness. By the time he realized his mistake, the FBI was bursting through his office door, led by none other than Jack Crawford.

Hannibal knew he had no choice but to surrender and he did, but not before snapping the neck of the young woman, much to Jack's horror.

Up till this day, Hannibal is not sure why Jack Crawford didn't pull the trigger then. He knows that the man wanted to - oh and how much Jack had wanted it, maybe this is the reason he didn't do it, maybe his sense of justice is on more solid ground than Hannibal gives him credit for. But whatever the reason, if someone had asked him, Hannibal would have preferred to go down fighting. An honorable end. Much preferable than this torturous monotony that his life has become.

All day, every day for the past three years, Hannibal had suffered in the walls of his cage. Sure, he had blackmailed Chilton to allow him some semblance of belongings that help him occupy his days, but it is not enough. Even his mind palace has proven to be not enough these days. His sole entertainment is the drawings that he makes just to keep up appearances. He had never thought that a day would come when he would get tired of sketching; his favorite pastime. But then again, he was not restricted to one hobby until he was apprehended. He had plenty of options to choose from. Staying resilient is proving to be much more difficult than he initially thought. Of course, he still bears it with the utmost dignity, but he secretly worries

about the day it would be out of his control and he would perish as many others have in these cells.

When it seemed like that that day was approaching fast, his savior came in the form of a new orderly.

Hannibal perks up the first time he hears Barney Matthew, his primary handler, explaining the work he does down here. Knowing that 'fresh meat' came had Hannibal sitting up in his bed and waiting patiently to greet the newcomer. Except that he never gets to meet him. For days he hears the new man walking up and down the hallway, never coming to the very end where Hannibal's cell is located opposite Miguel's. The behavior of the man who brings smells like motor oil and sometimes dogs with him is strange. Even the ones who look like they would lose control of their bladder were curious enough to take a look at the BSHCI's resident cannibal.

Every day, he would sit on his desk and wait until the man comes down with the new scents from the outside world. Telling Hannibal about himself without knowing. The man lives a bachelor's life, that much was obvious, the number of hours the man worked would not be tolerated by any partner. Plus he never smelled any other person in the cocktail of scents that clings to the new orderly.

In all honesty, Hannibal could have met the man if he had really wanted to. He could have called out for any number of reasons, faked an incident or he could have just stood a little closer to the bars where he would have easily seen the man. But he didn't. Mostly because these desperate acts are beneath him and because he was curious to see how this would play out. Would the man stay away indefinitely? Or would his curiosity get the better of him? Or will it be Hannibal who would surrender at last?

This man, who Hannibal has yet to even see, has proven to be much more interesting than all the pencil lickers he has had the displeasure of meeting. When the one month mark passed, a strange sort of restlessness started to build in his mysterious companion; he would stop a few paces away from Hannibal's cell and wait for a few seconds before walking away. It seems that the orderly is also experiencing the strange curiosity by this whole thing they have going on.

Hannibal is sure that it's only a matter of time before he'll win this game.

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Miguel is a vile and disgusting man that Hannibal pretends does not exist. He would not lower himself to the level of talking to that pig. He is aware Frederick deliberately put him near Miguel to irk him, knowing that he detests the man. Hannibal has never paid much attention to what Miguel has to say, that is until he starts talking about the new orderly with the occupant in the cell next to him.

"Hey, Lecter!" Hannibal stiffens at the sound of his name from Miguel but doesn't answer. Not that it ever deterred the man from talking to him before. "I know you're awake, I know you are."

"Leave the old man alone, Mig," replies someone whose name Hannibal never bothered to learn, "poor bastard doesn't need to hear you jerk off. Again."

"Oh, but he does. He does! If he saw the new twink, he'd pop a boner too."

"That Graham guy?"

"Yeah! He's one real pretty bitch, ain't he?"

As much as Hannibal is relieved that Miguel is distracted enough that he won't have to hear the man masturbate for the fifth time this day, he is equally irritated that this is how he gets to know the name of the orderly. Oh, well. At least, he can stop referring to Graham as 'new orderly' in his mind.

Already he begins imagining how the man looks based on the name. Graham is a very masculine name and would make you think about a tall man with a greying beard, but based on the quiet sound of Graham's gait, and Miguel's comments about the man's appearance, Hannibal finds that he does not know what to expect.

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Fate in the last decides that it would end their game in the most unexpected way. Barney tells him about his impending retirement one morning and his plans on making the new orderly, *Will Graham*, his replacement. Hannibal doesn't react in any way that may cause Barney to be suspicious of his interest. He would have to be very careful when he meets Will. It won't do him any good if the game is over before he has his fill.

Hannibal stands patiently in his cell once again as Barney leads Will Graham down the part of the hall where the man has yet to step. He hears Will hesitate and for a second he worries that this would be all for nothing after all before the man *finally* steps in front of him.

Despite spending an embarrassing amount of time thinking about the other man's looks, Hannibal is not prepared to find Will so - attractive. Hannibal rakes his eyes up and down the boy's - because yes, Will is a boy. Compared to him at least - slimmer frame, taking every detail greedily. Like he might never get another chance - which is a high possibility if he doesn't behave.

Will Graham has the most soft-looking brown curls that he has ever seen on a male. The younger man has a pale complexion - due to a lack of exposure to the sun and a proper diet, he notices - and red bitten, chapped lips. The boy looks more like a renaissance painting come to life than an orderly. What a delightful development.

While he is staring shamelessly at the younger man, Will has yet to properly look at him. Hannibal notices how Will has looked around his cell but didn't make eye contact with him. His blue eyes are firmly fixed somewhere on his face.

Repulsion to eye contact?

"Hello, Will."

"Hello, Doctor Lecter."

Oh how that voice makes every hair on his arms stand on end; Sweet and melodic.

Hannibal resists the urge to wet his lips as he realizes the boy is looking at them as he talks to Barney. He doesn't know what is going through the younger man's thoughts as Will finally decides to meet his eyes unprovoked. Hannibal was not able to get a good look at Will's eyes until he is granted to see them, and he realizes that they are not just blue, they're a strange assortment of thousands of hues of blue with the specks of hazel. There is a charged silence the moment their eyes meet. A strange sort of anticipatory suspense passing between them by the mutual feeling of being *seen* . Hannibal feels stripped in front of the younger man. Like Will could see every dark recess of his mind and in turn, he could see the suppressed darkness in the younger man, identical to his own yet still different.

It's not that Hannibal has not seen many exotic featured people in his life before his captivity, he has had the pleasure of meeting many unique people, all beautiful in their own way, but there's something about Will Graham that calls to some darker part of Hannibal.

Will's words and tone are deliberately just harsh enough to not be considered rude. Hannibal is vaguely aware of Barney's growing discomfort as they converse, it seems that he has failed to keep his interest leashed. But really, it is like asking the sun to not shine. Impossible. And that makes Will Graham dangerous. He has made as many enemies in this hospital as acquaintances over the years. Worst of them is Frederick, whose feathers have been ruffled too many times by him. God knows what he will do if he ever gets the wind of his increasing curiosities regarding this young man.

But even knowing this, Hannibal can't stop himself from testing the boy to see what he would do. He scents Will, taking in the scent of a rather horrendous aftershave.

"You smell like apples under that unfortunate aftershave of yours."

Instead of being unnerved as one would expect from any normal person faced with a cannibalistic serial killer, Will huffs in annoyance and lashes out verbally.

"I would say something about yours but then again, you're not allowed one."

Hannibal smiles, displaying his sharp teeth. He finds the younger man's behavior oddly endearing where he would normally be thinking ways to extract the tongue of the offender. How strange. Hannibal is not sure if his fascination is the result of finally finding a sparring partner after years of conversing with dim wits like Frederick, or if it's something else. He would be worried about this predicament if he was not sure that the younger man is also

curious about him. Will parts with a small smile that he tries to smother unsuccessfully. Hannibal wants to tell the boy to smile more, it enhances the youthful beauty of his face, but he doesn't. While Will has proven to be of more tougher stuff than anyone he has ever met, it's still too soon. He watches the boy leave with an answering smile before sitting on his desk to draw his new muse.

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Hannibal can't say that he is surprised to hear Matthew Browns come down to see him merely twenty minutes after Will leaves. Matthew is one of his kin, a fledgling serial killer who has yet to find his modus operandi. The other man is cunning, knows how to cover his tracks and combined with his immense bloodthirst, Hannibal is sure he would make a great killer one day. That is if he doesn't let his little obsessions get ahead of him. His latest one is Will Graham. Hannibal wonders if Matthew has gotten over *him* or did just move down the list below Will.

"Did you see him?" Matthew asks.

The other man is practically bouncing with excitement. Now that Hannibal has met Will Graham, he can't say that he blames Matthew.

"I did."

"What do you think of him?"

Hannibal stops sketching to think about what would be appropriate to answer, knowing that the man is only asking because he has assumed Hannibal is his mentor and wants approval of his new infatuation. Hannibal has let Matthew believe whatever the man wants because it would ultimately serve his purpose to escape from here. Up till now, he has dealt with Matthew carefully, not brushing him off completely and also not making the man think that his presence is necessary for Hannibal. He knows if he gave an inch, Matthew would exploit it and he would rather stay in this cell for all his life than let anyone have that kind of control over him.

"I find Will quite interesting," he replies.

"He is," the man agrees, not realizing what kind of interest Hannibal has taken in his supposed soon to be lover.

The thought of a person like Will Graham wasting his potential with the likes of Matthew Brown, who would discard him as soon as something new caught his eyes, makes something dark inside Hannibal unfurl. He is self-aware enough to know that he is developing an obsession with Will that, given the time, would turn into something out of his control. The smartest move is to let Matthew have Will and force himself out of the equation. He is

imprisoned, he can't possibly do anything to keep the boy away from Matthew even if he tried, and with escape so close he can't risk Matthew's alliance.

But even so, he can't help it when Matthew implies that Will is only ignoring his advances because he is playing hard to get.

Hannibal frowns, "Will is simply not interested in you."

Matthew laughs forcefully, like he needs to or he'll do something unsavory instead and leaves with a suspicious glance thrown in his way. Hannibal should be careful with what he says in front of Matthew. The man knows the layout of the hospital, he has the controls of the security monitors and the recording devices. Matthew is purposeful. But he is also extremely reckless and emotional. He is prone to making impulsive decisions. Right now, Will has already pushed him to the very edge with rejection and if Hannibal didn't stop provoking him, he might turn against him.

Hannibal is torn between ending the game with Will Graham or continuing it and sabotaging his freedom.

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By the time Will shows up the next day, Hannibal has made up his mind to focus on his freedom. But that proves useless as soon as he sees the flustered face of the young man. Will comes to deliver his meal and rushes back without meeting his eyes, leaving Hannibal curious as to why the younger man is feeling embarrassed.

His answer comes when two guards escort him to the shower area with Will tagging along, still refusing to look at him. Hannibal can't help but smirk at that. *What a shy boy Will is* .

When they reach the shower area, the guards give Will a taser gun and stay at the other end of the hall. He had to compromise on the right to privacy with Chilton by promising that he won't hurt his handler as long as they are the only one allowed to keep watch on him. Hannibal has never been more glad about that particular deal until now.

Will shuffles on his feet as if he is contemplating fleeing as Hannibal begins to strip. The guards remind Will to keep his eyes on the inmate because apparently, he can be proven dangerous by being given a soap. He is not sure why Frederick thinks that he would choose the time of his shower, when he is naked and exposed, to try to escape. But he won't complain as long as Will keeps looking at him with an appreciative gaze. It's quite amusing to watch the boy struggle with his attraction by staring at a naked serial killer.

The icing on the cake comes in the form of Matthew who knows by just a glance that Hannibal is trying to seduce Will, and the younger man is willingly being seduced.

Hannibal knows that Matthew would make a move toward Will as soon as he got his hand on the boy, so Hannibal decides to not give Matthew the satisfaction of making that move. He nods to the guards who know what these signals mean and starts pretending to not paying attention to whatever he is doing. They must have thought that he is planning on taking a bite out of the younger man, and they are not wrong. He does, how can he not when such a delicious, flustered thing is offered to him on a silver platter.

Oh, the smell of arousal hits Hannibal like a wall of bricks; sudden and near painful in its intensity. It takes every ounce of his self-control to not slam the boy against the wall and take him right then and there. Nobody would stop him, he knows. The guards are too scared of him and their silence can be easily bought by a couple thousands of dollars with one call to his lawyer. But he refrains, only because it is too soon. Even if Will wants him as much he wants Will, the boy would clamp up because of his sense of morality. Something has to be done about the moral pants Will is wearing before taking this any further further.

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Fate, once again, proves that it does not have any regard for Hannibal's plan.

Never has Hannibal felt as helpless as he did when he watched Will being abused right in front of his eyes. He had wanted to do so many things to Miguel at that moment, every one leading to the man's demise. The feeling was reflected in Matthew's eyes too. Neither of them could do anything but watch as Miguel used Will for his repulsive intentions. Hannibal shudders thinking what could have happened to Will if the bars were not keeping him out.

If nothing else, then out of this unspeakably sickening situation Hannibal gets to see behind the person suit Will wears.

As soon as Will escapes from Miguel's clutches, the younger man rains down his fists until Matthew has to drag him away. He is thankful for Matthew for letting Will have his revenge. Will snarls and thrash violently against Matthew, still blinded by rage. As marvelous as witnessing this feral side of Will is, Hannibal knows that he must help the boy calm with the help of Matthew - much to Hannibal's displeasure.

Matthew lingers, wanting to take Will with him but the boy chooses to stay. Once everyone leaves, Hannibal takes great care of not letting Will break. What happened to the boy is going to affect him psychologically. It would be better if Will is gone from this place where he will undoubtedly face Miguel again, but Hannibal is a selfish man and he is not ready to give up the boy yet. He is not sure he can even if he tried.

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Hannibal is honestly not expecting Will to show up any time soon at BSHCI - if he did at all - so he is quite surprised to see Will waiting for him to be chained for his evening walk. It seems that Frederick has not granted Will the time off he deserves. It doesn't take a genius to see how frayed the poor boy is, barely managing to stand upright.

Hannibal will need to have a chat with Frederick if the man keeps this up. Hannibal is aware of the man's vulgar advances towards some of the new nurses who don't have any other choice but to tolerate the harassment. While Will is more than capable of handling situations like those, he believes that the boy avoids resorting to violence. and after today, he has to make sure that something like this doesn't happen to Will again or he won't stay no matter what. And the thought of Will leaving for good leaves a sour taste in his mouth.

Hannibal doesn't force Will to talk to him as they stroll through the garden. He even cut his walk short to give Will a chance to get off-duty earlier. His efforts do not go unnoticed and are appreciated - not that he was doing so for approval. Hannibal watches the younger man leave, hoping to get another chance to see him soon.

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Later that night, when the lights have turned out and the inmates have settled for the night, the guards are lazy enough to not notice the camera of the medical ward turn off for exactly seventeen minutes. Nobody notices a thing amiss until the next morning when they find Miguel 'Multiple Miggs' Smith dead.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I don't think that there's a need for trigger warning for murder in this fandom but if you rather skip the details about Miggs' murder skip the italic part between two (*).

this chapter is written by Kai_99 and Selyne.
beta'd by XxEnchainesChatonxX

Will have a rough night. His nightmares are filled with the images of Miggs; assault on him with vague notions of Chilton or Matthew replacing Miggs. Confusing scenes of *Hannibal* replacing Miggs. He keeps waking up with his heart pounding - sometimes half hard too. Will gives up on trying to sleep after four a.m. His nightmares are not something new, but the context of them is.

In the safety of his house, even with the memories that keep troubling him in his every waking and sleeping moment, it doesn't feel real like it happened to him. The past two days don't feel real. He keeps touching his cheek just to feel the flesh sting to make sure that he hadn't hallucinated the whole meeting with Doctor Lecter.

Will sighs and takes another sip from the near empty bottle of whiskey. He is aware how stupid it is drinking when he is supposed to be at work in a few hours, but he needs the alcohol to numb his senses a little. He won't be able to tolerate both Chilton and Matthew with his empathy working at a hundred percent today; or even Doctor Lecter for that matter. The older man saw Will at his most humiliating and vulnerable moment, saw Will absorb the violent personality near him and let loose the darkness locked inside himself. Doctor Lecter had seen how untethered he was after beating Miggs, unable to get back in his headspace and became his paddle. Guiding Will back to the safety of his own thoughts. The man saw more of Will than anyone ever had in the entire world; even his parents couldn't understand him like Doctor Lecter. It is as much elating as it is frightening.

And then there's this strange sort of attraction between them. Or maybe it's just Will and Doctor Lecter knows about it somehow and is toying with him. Because who wouldn't want to play with a freak who is getting wet dreams of a man he just met two days ago, not to mention that said man is a cannibalistic serial killer. He is so fucked up in the head. He wonders if it's the result of spending so much time in the heads of killers that his wires are starting to get crossed.

Will turns on his stomach and groans loudly. He is doing it again, thinking over things too much and reading into things that aren't there. This is normally where he would get out of bed

and go make breakfast for his dogs, they were a good distraction whenever he needed an escape from his thoughts. But unfortunately he had to give them all up after he lost his job at the FBI academy. He knew he couldn't afford their expenses on the odd jobs and not wanting them to suffer for even a minute because of his failings, he gave them up to good families where they would be loved. He could have kept one or two of them but it didn't seem fair to choose. He misses them all terribly.

He is contemplating between trying to sleep again or going for a morning jog before his phone vibrates, alerting him to a call. He looks at the time and frowns. Who is calling him at five in the morning? He grabs the phone and wants to throw it at a wall after seeing who is calling.

Frederick Fucking Chilton.

He doesn't accept the call in fear of what the man wants at this hour, but Chilton keeps calling again and again. Will is about to put it on mute when he realizes that maybe there is some sort of emergency in the hospital. An unpleasant thought of something happening to Doctor Lecter makes him accept the call.

"Mister Graham! Where are you?"

Will is instantly sitting up at the anger in Chilton's voice.

"I'm home."

"Get here now!"

Chilton doesn't wait for Will to reply before he cuts off the call. Will sits in shock for a few seconds before scrambling quickly to the bathroom to get cleaned up.

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Due to the lack of traffic because of the late hours, Will manages to get to the hospital in just half an hour. He has spent the whole drive in a state of anxiousness, thinking the worst has happened. He races into the hospital and sees Doctor Lecter strapped on a dolly with a straight jacket and a mask that covers the bottom half of his face. An orderly is pushing the dolly to the elevator, two armed guards flanking them.

Will ignores Matthew calling his name from the other direction and runs towards the elevator.

"Hey! Wait!"

The guards tighten the hold on their weapons in alarm but the other orderly lets them know who Will is.

"What's happening? Where are you taking him?"

Will doesn't think about what he is doing and starts touching Doctor Lecter to make sure that the man is alright. He feels the man tense under his hands and wants to die of shame for overreacting so much. He swiftly pulls his hands back and mumbles an apology.

"Down to the solitary confinement cells. Chilton's order."

"What? Why!?"

The guards look annoyed by him at this point. Dealing with Chilton and Doctor Lecter so early in the morning must have been a bitch, but this is *his* patient they are dealing with and he needs to know if Chilton is doing this just to be petty, because then, Chilton is going to get a piece of his mind.

"Look man, Chilton didn't tell us anything. We're just doing our job."

Will bites back the urge to snap at the guards in anger. This hospital wouldn't be in this much of a toxic environment if people would stop to think about what they are doing instead of following orders like mindless sheep. Chilton has dug up dirt on every one of his employees or deliberately created a situation where they owed something to him - like Will now - and keeps them all under his thumb.

Until now Chilton has been in a silent war with Doctor Lecter. Chilton could have made the other man's life a living hell under his care but he never crossed his limits. So what happened that made Chilton take such extreme measures?

Will gazes up at Doctor Lecter, the few inches of difference between their heights is more prominent because of the dolly. The man is staring at Will with the usual intensity, like he wants to peel Will's head back and see what's inside.

"I'll get you out," he promises.

He knows he shouldn't make promises he can't keep but he feels like he owes Doctor Lecter this much, after all, the man has been nothing but courteous towards him, even going out of his way to make sure Will is alright after the whole Miggs' situation.

Doctor Lecter doesn't say anything, Will knows he won't talk because of the mask but there is an acknowledgement in those caramel eyes. Will keeps his eyes on Doctor Lecter as he steps out of the elevator. When the door closes he stalking towards Chilton's office.

Will stops in front of the office and takes a deep breath to steel his nerves. He doesn't bother to knock before entering. Chilton is walking around the office in circles while talking to someone on the phone. The man is clearly stressed about something. Chilton holds a finger, indicating for Will to wait as he finishes his call. He ends the call and walks toward Will with malice in his eyes.

Will forces himself to not take a step back or to stand in a defensive position. Chilton comes to stand too close to him, showing no respect for his personal space. Will's hand twitches from the urge to punch the man.

"Mister Graham, do you have any idea how much trouble you are for me?" Will almost flinches at the way Chilton leers at him, "I knew you were trouble the moment I saw you!"

Will doesn't understand what Chilton is talking about. If this turns out to be some elaborate ploy to get in Will's pants, he swears that he'll beat this fucker right then and there; consequences be damned.

"Do you know why you're here?" Chilton asks.

Oh, God.

This old routine is going to be the death of him. Will wants to roll his eyes at the stupid attempt at intimidation tactics. He would suggest Chilton go and learn properly from Doctor Lecter but he is not *that* drunk.

"No, sir."

"A man was killed last night."

Will blinks in shock.

Chilton walks around the desk and sits, gesturing Will to take a seat too. The man pours whiskey into two tumblers and offers one to him. He mumbles a thanks and takes a small sip, not trusting himself with more alcohol after the amount he drank at home. This is not how he saw this meeting going at all.

He waits for Chilton to finish his drink before speaking, "Who was it?"

Chilton regards him with a hard look and opens the top drawer of his desk, pulling out a few photographs.

"Miguel Smiths."

A cold chill of dread runs through Will at hearing the man's name. He forces his gaze to not linger on the photographs because he knows what would happen if he did.

"Last night Hannibal complained of chest pains, and he was taken to the dispensary. The doctors asked his restraints to be removed as they had to hook him up to the electrocardiograph machine. I agreed. We don't know what transpired after the doctor left him there for the overnight observation because the cameras were down conveniently. But we found Miguel dead this morning.

"Miguel's hands and tongue were surgically removed. No doubt in who's dunnit, we didn't find the tongue. Hannibal's pulse never got over eighty five throughout it, even when he ate the tongue."

Will is dumbstruck. He has no words to comprehend what to think about all of this. He leans back in the uncomfortable seat and drinks all the whiskey in two gulps. It seems he was wrong about his initial assessment, he is going to need *a lot* of alcohol to survive this day.

Will takes a deep breath and tries to organize his thoughts.

Doctor Lecter murdered Miggs - no, he tortured Miggs before killing the man. Will doesn't need to be at the crime scene to *see* the older man's design. The pictures are enough. This time, Will's curiosity gets the better of him as he gazes at the pictures and lets the pendulum swing.

*

I cut off his hands first, the hands that he used to abuse and violate with. The hands that touched what was not his to touch.

I take his tongue next, he doesn't deserve it. All he does is wag it around. I pry open his jaw with my bare hands, his teeth digs in my hands but I will not be deterred.

I need to avenge **him**.

No matter what punishment I conjure up, it is not enough, the damage he caused is irreparable. He doesn't deserve to die so easily, he must suffer for what he did. I tilt his head back, making the blood pour down his airway, choking him. I take great pleasure as he tries to fight my hold, but it's useless.

I'm the hand that will avenge **him**. *I will end what* **he** *started. I will complete* **his** *design.*

*

Will gasps and jerks back, nearly falling off his seat. He grabs the table and digs his palms at the edge of the table, the dull pain grounding him. He keeps his eyes open in fear of falling again into the killer's - *Doctor Lecter's* - mindset.

This is why Will has always hated doing this. He can tolerate the brutal and violent thoughts going through the killer's mind when they murder, but it's the after that he doesn't know how to deal with. He always struggles with distinguishing between his thoughts and those of the invading personality's. It always leaves him unmoored. Untethered. Left alone to navigate the clashing ocean waves of the other's thoughts.

He is jumping between his horror and the killer's elation, and amid all that there is a growing sense of pleased satisfaction that Doctor Lecter murdered Miggs for *him* .

"Mister Graham, are you alright?"

Will nods, pushing his glasses aside to rub at his eyes until he sees white spots. As if he's trying to erase the images from his head.

"So this is that thing you do. You are quite the topic of conversation in psychiatric circles."

Oh, hell.

In his curiosity to see Doctor Lecter's design, Will forgot that Chilton is there to witness his little performance. He wants to slam his head into the desk at his stupidity.

"I am?" he asks warily.

"Oh yes, a unique cocktail of personality disorders and neuroses that makes - or at least, made you a highly skilled profiler. We're woefully short of material on your sort of thing, Mister Graham. Would you mind talking to me some other time? Over dinner perhaps?"

Will doesn't need an overactive imagination to know how that would go.

Chilton is looking at him expectantly. He is supposed to give an answer right now, he can't brush off Chilton. Not if he doesn't want to end up on the streets. Will knows Chilton chose this exact moment to make a move for a precise reason. The man has already turned the Miggs' situation around and completely looked over what Miggs did to him and instead blamed him for power abuse. It won't be that difficult to get Will mixed into the murder too.

Nobody would believe Will, he already has been labelled 'insane' in the eyes of the public thanks to Freddie Lounds. If anyone even get a wind of Will's involvement in the murder, he would be hanged for the crimes he didn't commit.

Will can bet all his money that if he refused, Chilton would blackmail him to come to the dinner anyways. It doesn't matter what Will chooses, the outcome is going to remain the same. The least he could do is control the damage.

If he agrees now Chilton won't have to use force, he'd be happy to think that Will agreed on his own. He won't be on his guard around Will all the time then. At the very least, it'll get Will enough time to think about what he is going to do.

Besides, he needs to get Doctor Lecter out of the confinement cell. He made a promise and he won't be able to fulfill that if he makes Chilton his enemy now.

"I'm a bit busy for a few days but yeah sure."

Chilton smirks at him like he is already imagining stripping Will in his mind. Will shudders in disgust, praying that he could find a way to get away from Chilton before that happens.

"Um - I should head back to home."

Will is not actually planning to go home. He might not be able to get Doctor Lecter out today but he would not abandon the man down there all alone.

"Whatever for, Mister Graham?" Chilton asks in an outrageous voice.

"With Doctor Lecter locked away I don't have much to do here so I thought I'll take a day or two off."

"Oh no, no. He seems to like you for some reason, it is unlikely that he would kill you. You will perform your duties like before except he is not allowed the privileges of walking and showering daily."

Will make sure to keep his face neutral as he stutters out a 'yes, sir' and leaves quickly, afraid that Chilton will see through his performance. He can't believe he fooled Chilton so easily.

As soon as he is outside, Will breathes a sigh of relief. Being near Chilton feels like thousands of bugs are crawling under his skin.

He nearly sprints to grab Doctor Lecter's breakfast before making his way down. The confinement cells are in the second level basement. It's a long hallway, with only six cells in total on either side.

The guard from the earlier - Theodore - raises his brow at Will, "What are you doing here?"

"What does it look like? I'm here to see Doctor Lecter."

"Doctor Chilton - "

Will groans - *why does everyone want to test his patience today?* - and cuts off Theodore before he ends up slamming the food tray into the other man's face, "He asked me to do it, alright? Now move outta my way."

Will lets enough menace slip into his tone that the guard backs down instantly. Will lifts his hand, waiting for the key which is thankfully provided without any further delay. He is pretty sure that Chilton doesn't want him actually going inside the cell but until the man tells him not to, he is going to do what he wants.

"He is in the cell on your left. Be careful with Lecter," Theodore warns him.

Will doesn't bother replying before walking down the hallway. He has to force himself to not run like a maniac because the guard is still watching him. He opens the cell and enters, shutting the door after him.

The inside of the cell is very congested, a small cot is pushed at the back with a scratchy blanket and a pillow that looks like it was chewed on by dogs, he would know after all. Besides that there is just a bucket as a substitute for the toilet. Doctor Lecter is sitting on the cot with his back against the metal wall, he is so lost in thoughts that he does not acknowledge Will's presence. Will has heard about Doctor Lecter's memory palace, it was quite a talk among the psychiatric journals after the man's incarceration. Will's throat closes at the guilt he feels as he realizes that Doctor Lecter is in his memory palace because he wants to escape his surroundings.

Doctor Lecter must be aware of the consequences of his actions, but even knowing so, the man sacrificed the comfort of his cell and killed the man that wronged Will.

Will should be horrified and scared, but all he feels is gratitude and relief that he won't have to see that disgusting man ever again. He is truly pleased that Doctor Lecter did what he could not.

Will places the tray on the floor and walks further into the cell, stopping in front of the older man. He places a hand on Doctor Lecter's thigh tentatively to shake him but the man grabs his wrist so fast that Will lets out a surprised yelp.

"Will?"

Doctor Lecter blinks at him in surprise and wonder, harsh features turning soft.

"Hi, it’s me," he says like an idiot.

Doctor Lecter chuckles, not mockingly, but fondly, "Hello, darling boy."

His stomach flutters at the unexpected yet not unwelcome term of endearment.

"I'm surprised Frederick let you down here so soon."

"You underestimate me, Doctor Lecter."

"I don't underestimate you at all, but I admit that you always surpass my expectations."

"You talk like you know me for three years and not three days."

Will doesn't pull away as Doctor Lecter tucks a curl behind his ear - he really needs a haircut - and trails a finger down to his jaw and neck, making him swallow thickly. Will is disappointed for some reason when Doctor Lecter pulls his hand back instead of continuing on the path down his shirt. The older man notices - of course he does - and smirks. Will huffs and shoves him playfully.

"I… uh gotta go before Chilton comes down here to drag me out himself. I'll be back with lunch in a few hours."

"I'll be here."

-

The hours that pass seem interminable as Will waits for lunchtime. He's almost surprised at his own eagerness in carrying out his duty, though he knows that his ultimate goal in mind is to return to Doctor Lecter's side. It seems like his enthusiasm could match the doctor's, which should be a terrifying thought. And yet, it's exhilarating instead.

Once Will finishes his lunch, his feet carry him onwards to his next destination. He tries to keep an even pace, aware that to show such overt signs to the other orderlies (and possibly the other inmates) would be a dangerous slip. There's no telling who Chilton has asked to keep watch over all of them; the man may look like a fool, but Will knows that he can be much slyer than expected, especially if he notices how much Will and Doctor Lecter seem eager to meet each other.

He gives Theodore a nod as he enters the hallway and makes his way to Doctor Lecter's cell. Evidently, Will is not the only one who has been excited for their reunion.

Doctor Lecter looks up expectantly when Will enters the small cell, the smile on his face spreading is almost radiant as his eyes drink Will in hungrily. The man’s eyes never leave Will as he places the food tray on the table next to the cot before turning to the other man.

"Thank you, Will. Though I must say lunch looks less appetizing, even more so than usual."

Will snorts. "You can thank Chilton for that, Doctor Lecter. Sorry."

"No need to apologize, dear boy," Doctor Lecter replies. "And please, if we were to continue to speak with each other in this manner, I would prefer you call me Hannibal."

Will's breath almost stutters to a stop at the invitation to use the doctor's name, even though he knows that he'd be a fool for falling for that. It's a clever way to build intimacy, but he can't deny that it works.

"Of course," he stands and makes his way back to the cell's door before turning around towards the older man, "Oh and thank you, Hannibal."

Will savors the way Hannibal's eyes flash at the way he practically drawls out his name.

Two can play at that game, after all.

He doesn't need to elaborate what he's thanking Hannibal for, the older man understands. It feels good to say it, he should not but he can't find it in himself to regret it, after all, Miggs deserved it.

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Will takes a break after delivering lunch to Doctor Lecter and drives to the nearest Mcdonald's to grab lunch for himself. He knows that if he had stayed Chilton would have called him to the office for this or that. He needs time to determine how to proceed with the situation he has gotten himself into.

He has somehow gotten the attention of one of the most sadistic serial killers in the world. Will had read the Chesapeake Ripper's murders when he taught at the FBI, he has always admired the morbid artistic quality in each tableau and felt jealous that he never got the chance to see the Ripper in action. That he didn't get the chance to hunt the Ripper down and catch the man himself. Of course, he does realize that if he had come close to the Ripper then he would have not made it out alive but the thought never scared him. Rather it excites him. It's almost a mercy for him that the Ripper is locked in an asylum and not making the FBI run in circles because who knows what would have happened if Will had met the man outside of a controlled environment.

Now that Will has seen the man, peeked behind the mask that the Ripper wears even now, his curiosity has increased instead of waning. They might have caught Doctor Lecter, but they didn't solve the puzzle that is Ripper's mind. They can't.

Only Will possess the ability to *see* . And he will. Eventually. He has been hesitating in seeing Doctor Lecter completely, not in fear of what he might discover or anything but because he knows that *Doctor Lecter* is not ready to be seen so completely. It's an unnerving feeling, he knows, because he feels the same way in the older man's presence.

Will keeps reminding himself to be careful around Doctor Lecter, but it's like his higher brain functions stop working whenever he is around the man. He is being impulsive and that never turned out to be a good thing for anyone. Already, his impulsive decisions made him lose his guard enough that... that a man violated him.

He can't afford to put aside his inhibitions just because he never felt any sort of violent intentions from Doctor Lecter. He can't forget that the man is a serial killer, that this man used to manipulate his patients for his amusement. And until Will has a solid reason to believe otherwise, he stands in the same category as many before him.

What Will said to Matthew is true, he is not unaware of Doctor Lecter’s subtle manipulations. He knows all the tricks after all. But that doesn't mean that he is immune to them. Doctor Lecter has this aura that pulls everyone to him - like flies to the spider’s web - and Will is helpless to resist, helpless but to respond to the older man's every action with a reaction of his own.

It also doesn't help that Will is not particularly trying to resist the man’s advances.

How can he, when he is too busy delighting under the attention of the older man like a bird preening as its being courted. And doesn't that thought makes Will squirm with pleasure.

Will is well and truly fucked.

He knows that continuing this - whatever this is - with Doctor Lecter is dangerous and it might end up with him dead. The wisest decision would be to quit his job and get far away from Doctor Lecter's slowly enclosing clutches and Chilton's greedy fingers. But he can't, he is in too deep. He can't back out now. He has to know how this is going to end, even if it is his death.

He never claimed to be sane anyhow.

Besides, he still has a promise to keep. It didn't escape his notice that Doctor Lecter is not eating. The man barely took three bites from each meal before pushing it away and talking to him instead. He knows that the man is deliberately starving himself. Doctor Lecter won't tolerate the indignity of using the bucket.

Will didn't say anything even as his stomach clenches with anxiety at the thought of the older man starving. He knows too much about empty stomachs and rationalizing when his dad couldn't find enough jobs to pay for groceries. He can't let Doctor Lecter suffer like that, not when the man is in that position because of him.

Will rubs his eyes as he parks his car back in the parking lot of the BSHCI. He sits in the car and stares ahead, trying to find a way to help Doctor Lecter that does not include getting in bed with Chilton. He only agreed to the dinner because he needed time to come up with a plan without Chilton making his life a living hell more than it already is.

Will gets out of the car and is walking back when he sees Matthew talking to one of the nurses. The other orderly glances at Will and turns back to his conversation, clearly pissed by Will's continuous dismal. Will is ready to go about his way when an idea strikes him.

Matthew.

Matthew has worked under Chilton for years and from what Will gained by the other Orderly's stories, he is pretty tight with Chilton. Will has heard Chilton and Matthew talking in the office about the other employees and patients. It seems like Matthew is Chilton's inside man. If Matthew talks to Chilton about getting Doctor Lecter back in the cell, it just might work.

One day earlier, Matthew would have wagged his metaphorical tail at the chance to do something for Will. Too bad Will fucked up that yesterday. Now he has to butter up the other man.

He approaches Matthew and timidly waits for the man to notice his presence. He is playing the part of a nervous little boy deliberately. He can't very well turn a three sixty from brushing off Matthew to throwing himself at the man, middle ground is his safe bet.

The nurse nudges Matthew and points in Will's direction to alert him to Will's presence.

"I'll talk to ya later, Shelly."

The nurse - Shelly - nods to them both with a smile and walks away. Matthews turns to regard him and leans against the counter behind. Going for the playing-cool look, which is completely ruined by the utter amazement Will can see in his eyes.

"Hello there, Will. What can I do for ya?"

"I - uh - I wanted to apologize for yesterday," he stammers out embarrassingly.

Matthew smiles, too pleased with himself, and grabs Will's hands, which he was wringing without even noticing. He is surprisingly good at this whole acting thing.

"Well, I was a bit surprised cause of ya tantrum yesterday but I get it, that Lecter guy got in ya head. Right?"

Will swallows back the harsh words that want to escape from his lips as he hears Matthew bad mouth Doctor Lecter again. Instead, he furrows his brows in worry and bites his bottom lip before nodding, "I don't know what came over me, I was unnecessarily rude with you. I'm sorry."

"Ah, water under the bridge and all that right? We're cool. Don't worry 'bout it."

Will gives Matthew a sheepish smile and tugs back his arm lightly, but Matthew doesn't let him go. Will darts his eyes up to the other man's and quickly looks away. He really hopes he is not laying it too thick. It needs to be just a perfect blend of skittishness and timidness.

Time to lure the prey.

"Um, I have to go oversee Doctor Lecter's dinner in the kitchen."

As expected, Matthew's eyes darken at the mention of the older man's name and he tightens his grip on Will's arm enough to cause discomfort.

"He killed a man, Will, you shouldn't be with him alone."

"I know," Will somehow manages to pour enough distress in these whispered words that Matthew's face tightens with worry.

It is clear that the man has feelings for Will. He just doesn't know how to approach Will without coming on as too overbearing. Or maybe it's Will who doesn't know about the dating rituals with men. Will was just fifteen when he kissed a boy for the first and only time; his neighbor's son who was Will's class fellow for five months before his dad made them move away again.

Will *almost* feels guilt for using Matthew like this, but this kind of feeling has no place here. He needs to hook his prey.

"What's the matter? Did he do somethin'?"

Will half-heartedly tries to pull his arm again, as if he doesn't want to talk about it. "He did nothing," he says in a tight voice.

"I'm not gonna let ya go until I get my answers."

Will glares at Matthew in mock frustration before pointing to his cheek where the dark bruise is and says, "he did this."

Will admits that he kind of overplayed the last part a bit because Matthew seems to vibrate with unleashed rage. Trying to stop Matthew from marching down to confront Doctor Lecter is like trying to wrestle with a bull. Why is everybody so Goddamn *huge* compared to him?

"I'll fuckin' kill that son of a bitch. How fuckin’ dare he lay a hand on ya?"

Worried that the other man is going to do something stupid and this whole thing is going to blow in his face royally, he grabs Matthew's other arm and directs the attention back to him.

"Matthew, don't be stupid. You said it yourself that he is dangerous. He can hurt you."

While Will is shameless enough to use Matthew's feelings to his advantage, he does not want the man to really get hurt because of him. Who knows what Doctor Lecter might do to Matthew.

Instead of having the effect of putting some sense in the man, Matthew gets angrier as if Will has insulted him somehow.

"Ya think I can't take on him huh? He's not that good, I am better than him in everythin’."

"Matthew that's not - "

"I'm not the one sittin’ behind bars, alright?"

Will wants to slap this pig-headed man so much that his hand twitches with the phantom sensation of it making contact with Matthew's skin but he curbs it. Instead, he grabs Matthew from his shoulders and stands directly in front of him, their chests touching with their movements until Matthew calms enough to listen to him.

"This is why I didn't want to tell you. I knew you're gonna get me in trouble."

"Gettin' you away from that fucker is trouble for ya?"

"Yes, it is. Because if you tell Chilton, he would either fire me or make me his personal 'secretary' for complaining."

Matthew grits his jaw but thankfully he is not trying to engage in a fight with Doctor Lecter anymore. Even the other orderly knows what it entails for being Chilton's secretary.

"And I can't sit back and watch him touch ya, do ya understand?"

"I do, but I don't have any choice. I need this job."

"I can talk to Chilton, he'd give you some easier job or transfer you to different - "

"He won't."

"Let me at least ask him, Will," Matthew pleads.

This is his chance. Will can either let Matthew talk to Chilton and maybe he'll get away from Doctor Lecter and his games, or he can end what he started and worry about his choices later. Unsurprisingly, Will chooses the latter option.

"If you want to do something for me, get him out of that cell."

Matthew's brows raise in surprise at his request.

"I'm scared of going there. He can do whatever he wants to me and no one would notice until it's too late."

There.

He laid it all out. With yesterday's incident fresh in everybody's mind, he doesn't have to do much other than look like he is on the verge of tears, which considering everything is not that difficult. *God bless his kicked puppy face.*

It's no surprise that Matthew looks unsure about his request, confused between wanting to help him and the danger of letting Doctor Lecter back in his cell.

Will slowly drags his hands down Matthew's shoulder to his forearm while keeping his gaze low, giving the illusion of helplessness and fear.

"Forget I said anything. It was stupid of me to ask you that," Will lets out a shaky breath as he delivers his final blow while lightly caressing Matthew's forearms, "its not your purview

anyways."

The other orderly scoffs at him and gives him a smug smile, "You'd be surprised to know what I can do."

And Matthew is hooked.

Chapter 4

Chapter by Kai_99

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update, wrangling everyone to write is difficult with busy schedule and stuff. All mistakes belong to me (Kai_99)

Incase you forgot what happened in the previous chapter, here's a little summary;
Hannibal murders Miggs and is transferred to confinery cell. Will promise to get him out and manipulate Matthews to help him.

Matthew walks to Chilton's office with a spring in his step. His pretty, sweet Will touched him without any incentive. He knew he was right; Will is playing hard to get. He wants Matthew to put some effort into winning him over, and Matthew would gladly do it. He does love a good challenge after all, and Will is the best of them all. And even others know this. All Matthew wants is to just take the younger man away from the clutches of Chilton and Lecter.

He should have known that others would try to take Will away from him, not that he blames them. If Will belonged to any of them, he would have also tried to take Will for himself. But that's not the case, he had Will first, and it's not fair that he has competition now where there shouldn't be. He wants to blame Will for giving Lecter so much attention and letting Chilton push him around but it's not Will's fault. Will is so sweet and naïve, he doesn't know what kind of men he has gotten himself involved with. So many before him didn't survive Chilton and Lecter.

But Matthew vows that he would protect Will. He'll make sure to never, ever let any harm come to his Will. And for that, he needs to get Will far away from Lecter. If it was up to him he would have preferred to change Will's job but he can't do that now. Will won't be pleased with him if he took away the man's source of income. The next best step is to limit their time together. He can't let Lecter have unsupervised access to his Will. God knows what Lecter might do to his sweet Will.

Matthew knocks on the door and lets himself in. Chilton is sitting on his desk, observing the security feed on his laptop. Matthew hopes that Chilton didn't see his interaction with Will earlier, he doesn't want to share that with anyone else. He'll make sure to delete that part of the footage later.

"Mister Browns, what brings you here?"

Chilton doesn't offer Matthew any seat, he never does. He apparently thinks that sitting with common nurses is beneath him.

"Ya seemed very worried about the Lecter situation earlier, Doctor, I can help ya with that."

Chilton regards him with a raised eyebrow, "Though I appreciate the offer, you're not my type."

What the fuck?

Does Chilton actually think that he would offer himself to sleep with the man? Never in million years he's fucking Chilton. His dick shrivels at even the thought of it.

"That's not what I meant," he manages to say without spatting the words.

"Then please do enlighten me."

"Ya said that the media would tear you apart for letting a patient die under your care, especially when they'll know Lecter did it. But ya don't have to tell them anythin', do you?"

Matthew has Chilton's interest with that statement, the man sits a little straighter, giving him all the focus now. Matthew had given it a little thought on how to get Lecter out of the confinery cell and back behind the bars where he can't touch Will without raising an alarm.

Matthew knows how sleazy Chilton is and how much his reputation means to him. He has been shitting bricks ever since Matthew called him to tell about Miggs' murder. Chilton's reputation was not commendable even to begin with and taking this blow would just be the perfect opportunity to have his career destroyed. Luckily for Chilton, Will has asked him to get Lecter out of that cell and he must make that happen. He can't disappoint his pretty Will. He has to prove that he can give Will whatever the man asked. No matter how impossible it seems.

"And how do you propose I do that? There is a body rotting in the medical ward."

"I know it's gonna sound crazy but hear me out. Only a few people know about Miggs' death and ya already made them sign an NDA. They can't say anythin' even if they want to, and they don't, by the way. They're pretty grateful the fucker died. Lord knows how many people that man traumatized."

"That still does not solve my problem, Mister Browns."

Chilton is getting impatient. Good.

"I can help ya hide the body."

Chilton's eyebrows rise commercially high, almost making Matthew lose his composure and snort. He knows that he is putting himself in a very dangerous situation here. If Chilton had a stroke of morals and justice now of all the time, he is fucked. But thankfully, Chilton is a fucking bastard who only cares about saving his own ass.

"How would you do it?" Chilton asks skeptically.

"That's my problem, but ya need not worry."

Chilton leans back in his chair and taps his fingers on the desk, contemplating what to do next. Matthew is aware that he is not giving Chilton much to work with, and if Chilton agrees, he is the one who would be in debt for once and Matthew can't wait to have that advantage to himself. Sure, he is doing this for Will, but it doesn't mean that he is going to let this golden opportunity slide. This can prove to be an advantage for him in the long term.

Matthew had his eyes on the head orderly's job but his Will took that much to his annoyance. He is not jealous, oh no, he would never feel jealous of Will's success but that job is the reason that put Will in front of Lecter.

He still can't believe that Lecter is betraying him like this. The man was his everything, he had always admired the Ripper and he thought that they have a special bond. He thought that the Ripper would teach him everything he needs to know to be the next Ripper. Technically, Lecter is still keeping his part of the deal and showing Matthew ropes as promised. The problem is Will. He never considered that Will was going to cause a rift between them.

Lecter is being unfair. He can't take Will when he knows that Matthew has had his eyes on Will since the first time he saw the younger man. Matthew secretly thinks that Lecter is testing him by doing this. He does that a lot, he likes to play games. But Matthew doesn't like this game. Because for Lecter, it might be one, but it’s his feelings that Lecter is toying with. He is not sure how to tell Lecter to back off. He doesn't want to further ruin his relationship with the older man, he really wants to be the new Ripper. But if Lecter didn't stop harassing Will, Matthew would do something he might regret later.

"Hannibal is still a problem. The FBI keeps tabs on him, what will I say when they'll ask why I have put him in the confinement cell?"

"This plan won't work without Lecter's cooperation. Ya need to keep his mouth shut too."

“Keeping his mouth shut is like asking a dog to not bark. Why would he ever cooperate with me?"

"By makin’ a deal with him."

"A deal with the devil?" Chilton snorts like the pig he is. "You give him an inch and he'll take a mile."

True. Lecter is a master in turning the situation to his advantage whenever the opportunity presents itself. The man is a cunning bitch. Waiting like a snake in the grass, biding his time until the circumstances are favorable for him before striking. A trait Matthew admires immensely because *he* is not the patient type.

"I know that, but I also know that he's like a bear with a sore head right now. He wants to come back to his cell. Use that."

Matthew has thrown Chilton a bone, now it's up to the man to use it to his advantage. He can't dictate everything to the other man because his delicate ego might not allow him to admit that he lacks the brain to come up with a good plan on his own.

"So you want me to allow Hannibal back in his cell in exchange for his silence?"

Matthew nods, feeling like he is talking to a particularly dumb child.

"But how would I explain Miggs' death."

Matthew smiles smugly at Chilton, he knows he is going to get what he wants.

"Just say that he complained of chest pain last night. When they took him to the med ward, he attacked the guards and fell down the stairs in the commotion. He doesn't have any livin' relatives anyway. Nobody would come to claim his body."

"The body is mutilated!" Chilton hisses at him.

Gosh, Matthew wants to wrangle this dumb fucker. Does he need to tell the man everything lines to the line, can't Chilton use his own fucking brain for once. No wonder he is not respected by anyone.

"His hands can be stitched back and no one's gonna open his mouth to see if his tongue is still intact."

Chilton seems impressed by his planning. And he should be, after all, it's a genius plan. Matthew mentally pats himself on the back and grins at a job well done. He can't wait to tell Will and see the surprise on the man's face. Will would be so pleased that Matthew saved him from Lecter.

"Well, Mister Browns, it seems like you've thought of everything. And it's not a half-bad plan either, I'm impressed. But my question is; why are you so interested in helping me?"

Matthew shrugs. "I like my job here. And I like how you run things here, boss. It's all there is to it."

Chilton squints suspiciously at him, though the smugness at his 'admission' is barely hidden on the man's face. Nodding in satisfaction, Chilton relaxes. "Yes, of course. I do think I bring some kind of class to this institute, don't I? It wouldn't be where it is today without me. Just look at all the criminals we have under our roof! The taxpayers should be lucky to have me."

"You mean 'us', boss?" Matthew grins.

"Of course, of course, *us* ," Chilton says, giving Matthew a little wink.

Eugh. How does Will even deal with this man?

Outwardly, Matthew shrugs. "Okay. Let me know what you need me to do."

Chilton lets Matthew leave after what felt like hours. His head hurts by listening to Chilton repeat the same plan again and again. Matthew is kind of annoyed that Chilton is going to take credit for *his* plan but he knows that it is for the best that he let Chilton take the reins in this - and then blame it on Chilton when ultimately this shit will blow, because it always does where Lecter is concerned. Honestly though, Matthew doesn't care what happens to Chilton or anyone else as long as it doesn't concern him.

As Matthew goes to find Will to give the man the news about Lecter's transfer, he thinks about how impressed Will would be. He bets Will thought that he won't be able to actually do it. Matthew isn't sure how he feels about the fact that the younger man probably thinks that he is just a harmless, normal man. A part of him wants to show Will who *really* is the biggest monster here and the other part wants to keep Will in the dark about his nature, he knows that Will would not react positively towards him if he told Will everything and he doesn't want the man to hate him.

Matthew wants Will just as he is; sweet and shy. Unlike Lecter who was so fucking pleased when Will had beaten Miggs. Matthew has read about Lecter's former patients and how most of them turned violent later. He has spent enough time with the older man to understand that Lecter likes to wind people up and watch them go. Matthew won't let that happen to Will, that would just land Will in the cell next to Lecter if not with a straight up death sentence and what good is Will to him then.

He had Will first, Will is his and Lecter has no say in Will's life, only Matthew reserves that right. And he has decided that Will should leave BSHCI as soon as he can. He knows that he can't push the man in doing so - not yet at least - nor he can interfere in any way to make Chilton fire Will. He doesn't want to make Will mad at him, not when he has just started to gain some footing in Will's life, he can't risk that. He has to make the younger man trust him first.

Speaking of which, it reminds him that since he helped Will, he deserves something in return from Will now. Lecter would say that doing something with expectation is rude but fuck Lecter. Matthew would have to be hella dumb to say no to this opportunity. Who knows when would be the next time he'd get a chance like this. Now the question is what to ask in return? Hmm. He could ask Will for dinner. It's the safest choice without him having to wait for their relation to progress.

Matthew finds Will sitting alone in the changing room hunched over himself, head in hands. Matthew quickly sits beside Will and places his arm across the younger man's shoulder. He tries to not be offended at the way Will flinch away from his touch, he just surprised Will that's all.

"What are you doing here?"

"Here to tell ya that Lecter is gonna be back in his cell by the morning."

Matthew feels smug pride at himself as Will's eyes widen in surprise. He knew all the trouble he went through with Chilton would be worth it to see Will look so impressed with him.

"Matthew, I don't… I don't even know how to thank you."

Will is reeling from how efficient he works. Good.

"Eh, don't mention it. What're friends for if not to help."

Will smiles at him sweetly. Gosh, what he wouldn't give to kiss the boy right then. But as Lecter always said, patience is the key. He doesn't want to scare Will. He'll get Will, after all, Will *is* his.

"So listen, I was thinkin' we should hang out sometime. Huh? Get to know each other a bit. What do ya say to dinner this weekend?"

Will blinks and looks taken back, as if he didn't expect Matthew to ask him out, even if it's veiled as a casual get together with a friend.

"Umm, I'm not… I don't go out really."

Matthew's face darkens at the man's stuttering reply. He squeezes Will's shoulder where his arm is still resting and shuffles a little closer. He is aware that Will is a bit of a pushover and he shamelessly uses that knowledge to his advantage as he crowds Will.

"Come on, it'll be fun." Despite his best try, he is unable to keep the harsh tone from his voice. But it doesn't matter as Will gives a jerky nod, agreeing for dinner. See, he knows how to deal with Will, he doesn't need Lecter's help. He's glad that Will agreed without any further prompting, he doesn't know what he would have done if Will refused him even after pulling such a solid.

Matthew wonders if he should have just asked Will out simply, who knows maybe the younger man would have agreed. But, oh well, he is sure he'll have many opportunities at the dinner to woo Will into his bed.

They exchange numbers to decide later where they should meet up and then leave to go on their respective jobs.

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Hannibal is visiting *'the Body and Soul '*, the Italian Renaissance Sculpture from Donatello to Michelangelo, in his mind palace when the sound of his new cell door opening makes him leave his mind palace, knowing Will is waiting for him there. Will places the food tray on the floor like his previous visits and settles with him on the bed.

Instead of glooming in some misplaced guilt over his predicament like before, Will is practically bouncing with excitement. Hannibal listens with attention as Will tells him that he is going to be transferred back to his previous cell in the morning. It seems that Will was able

to fulfill his promise to Hannibal. What a cunning boy Will is. Manipulating the situation to his advantage. Hannibal has to reevaluate his initial assessment and add this new facet to the ever growing list of what he knows about Will. The boy is not as clueless about his own abilities as Hannibal had thought. Will had not only managed to trick Frederick, but also Matthew. Hannibal is almost ashamed at finding Matthew a worthy protégé. If Matthew was not responsible for his freedom, he would've killed the man for daring to think that he can have Will.

Something must be done soon, already Will has gotten himself in enough trouble with Chilton and Matthew, and now the boy agreed to have dinner with both men. Hannibal can just imagine what sort of things will transpire if Will is left alone with either of them. He needs to convince Will to stay away from them, but the problem is while Will and he have come so far with each other, Will still doesn't trust him enough to blindly follow his instructions. And he is also aware that if he did something on his own, Will would not be pleased. The boy would not take it lightly that he is making decisions on Will's behalf, and the thought of losing what he has with the boy does not sit well with him.

The only thing he can do is to move his escape plan before either of Will's 'dinner dates'. Which is another problem in itself, he needs to get Matthew's confidence again. He has to give Matthew what the man wants; Will.

Although even the thought of such a thing revolts him to no extent, he has no other choice. Not if he doesn't want to lose his only chance at freedom as well as Will. He has to do what needs to be done, he'll deal with the fall out later. Besides, it is as they say, better to ask for forgiveness than permission.

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Later that night, when Will has left for the night, Matthew visits him again in the confinery cell. Even after the unpleasantness between them, they have kept their regular meetings. At this time, the guards are less attentive of their surroundings. Afterall, the most action they'll ever get around here is to hear patients hollar in their cells. Nobody cares that a certain nurse spends almost every night talking to a cannibalistic serial killer.

"Hello, Matthew."

"Doctor Lecter," the man replies tersely.

Hannibal knows that Matthew only continues to show up for visits because of his own selfish reasons. Matthew wants to take the mantle of the Chesapeake Ripper, to carry on his legacy long after he's gone. Hannibal is not sure why that idea has ever appealed to him, or maybe it didn't and he was merely indulging Matthews until he was free so he could kill the man, but he doesn't care anymore. All he wants is to get out of here as soon as possible and take Will far away from these vile men.

Hannibal lets himself ease Matthew into a sense of security with their familiar back and forth of double entrades about transformations and becommings, things that Hannibal knows goes over Matthew's head. Things that Will would have not only understood, but retorted on with

his sharp wit and sassy tone, a more satisfying conversation than Matthew could ever hold. It's quite difficult to keep his focus on Matthew, but he manages.

"I find myself quite astonished with your becoming, Matthew," a blatant lie, one that Matthew eats up eagerly. "I had thought that it would take months for you to finally hatch from the chrysalis, but you surpassed my expectations."

Matthew grins, "Ah, Doctor, I did say that I'll be the best one there ever will be."

"That you did." *Too bad you're going to die very soon.* "You stood your ground when I pushed and stayed true to your beliefs."

Matthew doesn't say anything predictably. Hannibal knows that the man is confused about what he is talking about, but Matthew won't ask. That would be embarrassing. If Hannibal wasn't on such a tight time limit to complete his plan, he would have entertained the thought of toying with Matthew but alas.

"Congratulations, Matthew, you're achieved the transformation to your higher self." *Which is quite disappointing really.*

"That - That's it? We're done?" The excitement is obvious in the man's tone.

"I believe so," he agrees with a small nod.

"Oh man, this is pretty surprisin'. I didn't expect it to be this soon, ya know."

Cleverly, Hannibal weaves the web Matthew would willingly fall into.

"And it wouldn't have been, if Will hadn't come into our life."

"What do ya mean?" A small frown appears between Matthew brows, confused and curious of where this conversation is going.

Hannibal raises one eyebrow, insinuating that Matthew should have already figured it out. With a put upon sigh, Hannibal explains his supposed plan. "I know you're enamored by Will, and I used that knowledge to my advantage. I wanted to see what you'll do when it comes down in picking between some mere pretty distraction like Will, or staying true to your purpose. You came for our sessions without fail. Needless to say, you passed with flying colors."

While Matthew is reevaluating thinking that Hannibal had only shown interest in Will to test him, Hannibal tries not to be displeased at the truck load of lies he has to tell.

"Ha ha, I'm not gonna lie, you did a pretty convincin' acting, I almost thought that you really wanted Will."

Hannibal forces himself to frown as if what Matthew said is absurd, as if the mere thought of him wanting Will is offensive.

“I assure you, while I see the appeal, I have no interest in Will.” Hannibal says with a mild annoyance in his tone, like he just wants this conversation to be over with. Matthew nods, accepting everything.

“Now,” he begins with a cheerful smile, “we’re going to focus on the next stage of your transformation.”

Hannibal talks with the other man for quite a while as if he doesn’t plan on snapping the other man’s neck as soon as he is out of the hospital.

“Remember, you must wait for me to send a video message to TattleCrime announcing that I have entrusted someone new with the mantle of the Chesapeake Ripper before making your debut."

"Oh yeah, yeah, don't worry 'bout it. I can wait a while longer to be the Ripper." Hannibal doubts it very much but nods anyways as Matthew continues, "Besides, I'll be too busy fucking Will," Matthew says with a suggestive waggle of his brows.

Hannibal can easily reach his lead pencil and stab Matthew in the eye before the man could even understand what's happening, but he reminds himself that he has to tolerate this for just two more days. Two more days and he’ll be out, after that he’ll see who dares laying a hand on *his* Will.

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Hannibal doesn’t sleep that night. He keeps replaying his every interaction with Will up till now. He is not in the habit of regretting his decisions, but he regrets what he said to Matthew about Will. And he regrets what he’s about to do. He has to step back from his budding relationship with Will. He has no choice, he has to do that, he can’t risk his plan when freedom is so near, but he hopes that it’ll be over soon so that he doesn't have to pretend that he doesn’t care about Will.

In the morning Barney comes to escort him back to his previous cell. Chilton waves the guards and Barney away as soon as Hannibal is secure in his cell. Hannibal takes the stock of all his drawings and books to make sure everything is where they should be.

“Welcome back, Hannibal. I hope your visit in the confinery cell wasn’t so bad.”

Hannibal puts an amused smile on his face before turning towards the man. “It was not, I assure you."

"See Hannibal, despite the nemesis you paint me, I care about your wellness, and that's why I got you out of there. A mind like yours would wither like a flower without light in there."

Hannibal chooses to ignore Frederick’s pathetic attempt at jab and direct the conversation where it is easier for him to continue. "Nemesis? You? No, I don't think you're my nemesis, Frederick."

Hannibal takes pleasure at seeing Frederick sputters at the thinly veiled insult.

“Careful there,” the other man hisses, “your little stunt in the medical ward would have landed you in the electric chair if it wasn’t for me.”

“What ‘stunt’ would that be?”

Technically, there’s no proof that Hannibal murdered Miguel and without any proper proof, they can’t charge him, not that it would matter much to him but he would rather not waste time by sitting in court. There would be so much attention on him, which might ultimately tamper with his plan to escape.

Frederick scoffs. “You really shouldn’t push people who are incharge of you. I would hate if something happened to your precious little drawings.”

Threatening to take away Hannibal’s thing is a frequent occurrence of Frederick’s sessions, Hannibal never paid them any attention knowing that Frederick would never dare to take anything away, but the smug little smirk on the other man’s face gives Hannibal a pause.

Hannibal walks towards his desk and opens the drawer to find a file of his drawings missing. Even without knowing Hannibal knows that Fredertick took the file in which he had hidden Will’s drawings. Hannibal’s left eyelid twitches. He turns around to regard the man before him.

“And you shouldn’t push people who are famous for cannibalizing others,” he practically seethes, “It would be so easy to reach out and grab you, Frederick, by the time help would come, I’d have already taken my pound of flesh.”

Frederick pales instantly and takes a staggering step back, all false bravado and cockiness vanishing. This is the first time Hannibal has threatened someone so balently. Reckless of him, and kind of stupid too, since he is trying to pretend that he doesn’t care about Will, and losing temper because Frederick took Will’s drawings away isn’t helping setting that image at all.

Frederick swallows and swipes a hand in his gel laden hair before giving him a nervous laugh. “Now now, no need to lose temper. I’m just here to talk.”

Hannibal narrows his eyes at the man before taking the seat at his desk, silently dismissing Frederick, but the pig headed man instead takes it as an invitation to continue.

“You see I may have allowed you back in your cell but it comes with a price.”

Yes, it does. The price being Will. A price that Hannibal realizes, he isn’t willing to pay. This is why he must get out of here before Matthew or Frederick could get their hands on Will. After his escape, Frederick would be too busy running and hiding from him to remember his ‘dinner date’ with Will. The main problem is Matthew, he won’t give up Will so easily. He would hound Will day and night until the boy would give in, and if Will didn’t, Mathew is not above forcing himself on his object of obsession. Hannibal can’t let that happen, he won’t. He would have to kill Matthew as soon as he escapes from here. That is the only way to guarantee Will’s safety.

“Is that so?”

“Yes, and I want your silence.”

Hannibal knows that Frederick is talking about Miguel’s demise, the man is being deliberately vague because if this little conversation is ever brought to light - which it won’t be as Hannibal is sure that Frederick asked Matthew to stop recording before coming here - he could deny that he had any part in this. Not bad.

If this conversation was happening in normal circumstances, Hannibal would have laughed and denied Frederick. After all, what could one more murder charge do to him. He would have enjoyed watching Frederick deal with the backlash, who knows maybe the man would get fired too, but the consequences of his actions directly affect Will and he would never put Will in harm’s way, not when he can’t save Will from behind the bars.

“I want my drawings back,” he says because simply agreeing would be suspicious, and because he really, really doesn’t want Frederick or any other to ogle his drawings.

Frederick smiles widely, pleased with himself. “Of course, you can have them back.”

“Then it seems you have my silence.”

The loud buzzard from the door at the end of the hall ends the conversation promptly. By the leering grin on Frederick’s face, Hannibal gathers it must be Will. He is proven correct as Frederick greets the boy.

“Ah, Mister Graham, I see that you’ve already been told about Hannibal’s transfer,” Frederick says with an exasperated tone as if he wanted to do it himself, which Hannibal has no doubt of. Will told him how Frederick likes to make Will sit in his office for no reason at all. “Anyhow, come see me when you’re done here, we have some things to discuss.”

“Yes, Doctor Chilton.”

Will comes in his view bearing the breakfast tray with a soft smile. Hannibal is always intrigued to see Will get so affected by the people around him. It’s intoxicating to see Will get worried about him or be happy on his behalf. Sometimes he wonders what he would have done if he had met Will before his incarceration. Hannibal likes to think that in some universe they do meet like that and they both are equally enamored by each other like now.

Will pulls out the metal slot and carefully puts his breakfast in it before closing it. Hannibal makes no move to get up and grab it.

“Good morning, Doctor Lecter.”

He greets back but keeps his attention on sorting the drawings. He is aware that Will would pick up the change in his attitude immediately, he hates doing this but he also knows that Matthew would be observing their every interaction closely to make sure that he is telling the truth about having no interest in Will.

“I bought you breakfast,” Will says while shuffling on his feet awkwardly, trying to gauge his mood.

“I can see that. Thank you.”

Will waits for a few minutes, wringing his hands nervously to see if Hannibal would start a conversation like he is in habit to do so, but leaves quietly when Hannibal doesn’t so much as glances at Will. An unpleasant feeling settles in his stomach. He just hopes that he gets the chance to explain everything to Will before leaving and perhaps maybe he could convince Will to come with him.

Even after his self imposed starvation during his visit to confinery cell, Hannibal finds his appetite lacking. He still forces himself to eat though, he can’t compromise his health. Who knows what he might have to face after escaping from here.

Chapter 5

Chapter by Kai_99

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

For the first time since Will started his job at the BSHCI, he truly feels uncomfortable here. Of course Chilton's and Matthew's unwanted attention makes it unbearable to work sometimes, but he never lets it bother him much. What bothers him now is Hannibal's earlier behavior towards him. The man was so cold and dismissive, and without any reason to be so - or at least Will doesn't know any. Last night when he delivered Hannibal's dinner with the news of his cell change, the older man was normal. He talked, laughed and found excuses to touch Will like he always does, but this morning the man had not even glanced at him.

Chilton was visiting Hannibal when Will came in the morning, which is unusual as normally Chilton is not even at hospital that early and the man spends most of his time in his office, even choosing to take one-on-one therapy sessions in his office so Will is suspicious why Chilton would be down here. If Will has to hazard a guess, he'll say Chilton must have come down to fuck around with the patients as he sometimes do and must have said something to Hannibal. From what Will has gathered from Hannibal, he is sure that the older man's mental forts are stronger than even him, and he doesn't let worthless worms like Chilton get under his skin, but perhaps, this time Chilton did manage to find a weak spot in Hannibal's fort.

If that's the case, Will can't blame Hannibal for being distant, maybe the man needed time and privacy to gather himself. Will can do that, he can give Hannibal some space. And that is exactly what he does the whole day. He delivers the meals, makes his rounds, all the while keeping a pleasant commentary even as Hannibal doesn't respond to anything he says. Completely assured that things will get back to normal.

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Things do not go back to normal.

The next day passes the same way, except that Hannibal is somehow even more closed off than before, which is a feat considering the man has not even glanced at him since yesterday morning. Right after delivering Hannibal's lunch with another unsuccessful attempt at getting the older man to say something, Will starts to really worry.

Something is wrong. There's something Will is not seeing here. He needs to find out what's wrong with Hannibal. With Hannibal clamped up and Chilton out of question, the only option left is Matthew. Will finds Matthew changing into his uniform in the changing room for his shift. The man smiles seeing him and stops altogether in his movement of pulling on a shirt,

leaving his naked tattooed torso for Will to gawk at. Will would laugh at the pathetic attempt at impressing him if he wasn't so worried about Hannibal. Will ignores Mathew's half naked torso and focuses on Matthew's cheek, making it clear this sort of thing is not appreciated.

"Hey, Will."

"Hi. Listen, I wanted to ask if you know what's up with Hannibal?"

Will realizes his mistake as soon as the words are out of his mouth, before this Will has never said Hannibal's name in front of others, especially Matthew who has some beef with the older man. Everyone knows that Hannibal prefers to be called by his proper title even though his doctorate licence has been revoked ages ago, but no one dares disobey him in fear of being considered rude. For Will to use Hannibal's name with such familiarity indicates that he's been using it for a while now and that it was granted to him.

Before he could think of a way to cover his mistake Matthew starts talking, either ignoring it or not noticing it. "What's wrong with him?"

"Uh, I don't know. He's just been very quiet."

Mathew frowns, the action not entirely genuine. "He seemed pretty normal to me?"

"What do you mean?"

"It means that he has been talking to me and every one else like normally." Matthew doesn't bother to pretend that he is anything but pleased this time as he adds, "Except *you* , it seems."

Will narrow his eyes, trying to snuff out a lie but finding none.

Will can't say that he's surprised by this, in fact if Will is being completely honest with himself then he can admit that he already sort of deduced that; if Hannibal was acting any different with others his behaviour would have been reported to Chilton and some measurements would have been taken since he's a violent patient and all that. So this means that what Matthew is saying is true and Hannibal is behaving perfectly fine with everyone else - except him which either means something happened to make Hannibal be so distant with him, or the older man simply doesn't want to talk to him. Will selfishly hopes it's the former one.

"Don't take it personally, Will. I've been here for a while, I know him better than you. He takes a shine to a new toy every few months and then discards them just as quickly. We do try to warn them, but you guys *never listen*."

Matthew's words stings, being compared to Hannibal's previous playthings, but truth often does.

When Will was promoted to be Hannibal's primary caretaker, Barney had warned Will how Hannibal's previous three caretakers ended up dead or severely injured. Will never got the details - Chilton kept it all under the lid - but he was able to get the gist that they got too close to the monster behind Hannibal's gentlemanly demur and charming mask. Even after getting

apprehended, Hannibal doesn't display his true nature for the world to see, he sees no point in letting those worthless pigs see what they don't deserve. He only shed his mask when he needs to remind everyone that he may be caged but he still got his claws, but Will has always been aware of the mask that hides Hannibal's monster. He was never under any illusion about Hannibal's nature. He *sees* Hannibal, and what he sees is not as monstrous as everyone wants him to believe.

These past few days their friendship has flourished so rapidly that it's surprising. What is more surprising is that he thinks that Hannibal also feels the same way about him - or at least he used to think. He's not so sure anymore. He never felt any deception from Hannibal, but -

But what if there was? What if Hannibal is truly the master manipulator who managed to even fool his empathy? What if he really is a mere entertainment for Hannibal?

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It's surreal, how only a handful of days ago Will got so embarrassed watching Hannibal taking shower. This time he's watching the other man like a hawk. Of course his intentions are not lecherous, he's merely trying to catch the other man's eyes which are closed at the movement as if Hannibal is mentally not present here. After talking with Matthew he is seeing his every interaction with Hannibal in a new light and while he doesn't trust a word from Matthew, he can't deny that it's not all moot. There's some weight to Matthew's accusations; Hannibal showed interest in Will because he was bored and Will, with his empathy, presented a good distraction, and now that Will let Hannibal close, let the man know himself, he lost Hannibal's interest.

It pisses Will off, to think of himself as Hannibal's plaything but he's starting to think that that's exactly what he is for Hannibal. He let himself be lulled by that charming smile and sharp mouth like a fool he is. The torrent of hurt and betrayal churning his insides tells how far he let in Hannibal. Matthew is right in one aspect though; he should be thankful that Hannibal showed his intent before doing him any physical harm. And with some distance he can recover from the emotional beatings too, not just from Hannibal but from everything that has happened to him since coming here. The fucked up part is that he thinks that Hannibal has done the least damage to his psyche which can't be right, he literally thanked the older man for killing Miggs. That's not okay in any case.

His head is fucked, he needs some space to get himself back on the track. Which is why he has decided to quit this job. He gave up his job at the FBI because he couldn't afford to have his head filled with killers but what's the point of quitting that job if he's still going to immerse himself in so many killers all the time on a daily basis. No job is worth his sanity. He can move south and get a job as a teacher in school. Hell, he can even be a mechanic like his father. He might regret it some years down the lane but he can surely appreciate not being locked up in BSHCI.

Someone clears their throat which startles Will out of his thoughts. Will blinks and finds Hannibal standing directly in front of him. He was so immersed in his thoughts that he didn't realize that Hannibal is done showering and is already dressed. Will silently picks up the cuffs and the foot shackles and draws closer to put them on but before he could, he finds his mouth opening and says, "I'm quitting the job."

He can't say what compelled him to confess this, maybe it's because Hannibal acknowledged him - out of necessity more than anything but still - or maybe because of some misplaced sense of duty that he own Hannibal this much since he's older man's primary caretaker, besides it's a polite thing to do and Will wants to at least end this on good terms. He just hopes that Hannibal can let this rest too. "I haven't told Chilton yet but I want you to know that I won't be coming back tomorrow."

"Good."

The response is so unexpected that for a second Will thinks that he imagined it but a quick glance up tells him that Hannibal actually talked to him. After days of silence, the fucker chooses to just say one fucking word to him. Will doesn't know where this bout of anger is coming from but he doesn't care. He bares his teeth at the older man, taking a step forward, trying to intimidate subconsciously.

" *Good?* That's it? That's all you have to say?"

"What else would you have me say?" Hannibal replies, one blond eyebrow raised in mock amusement.

Will should not engage with Hannibal, he already decided to get himself out of this mess, to not be Hannibal's toy anymore but Will has always been a man of weak resolve. He can't help it, he wants to *know* ! "Tell me; was I always just a plaything for you?"

Will doesn't know what he was expecting from Hannibal, perhaps a long drawn explanation about his intentions or maybe a plain confession that he *was* manipulating Will, but he didn't see Hannibal moving suddenly, too fast for him to react in any way other than freeze on spot, and grab him. Will squeals - much to his embarrassment - and shuts his eyes, fearing the worst, but nothing happens. Hannibal just keeps a firm grip on his forearm, not pulling or trying to hurt him in any way.

Relieved, Will opens his eyes slowly to find Hannibal staring at him intensely.

"I could have hurt you, Will, but I never did and never would. Does that tell you that I see you as a plaything?"

Even though Will can't feel any malicious intentions coming from Hannibal, he finds that he can't trust his empathy when it comes to Hannibal. He has been fooled once, he'd like to avoid being fooled again.

"It tells me you're a psychopath who likes to play games," he hisses in reply.

Hannibal scoffs. "If I'm a psychopath then you're attracted to a psychopath."

“What… I’m not attracted to you, you bastard!”

He tries to pull his arm away but finds the effort futile. Hannibal grabs Will’s chin with his free hand and tilts his face up, forcing eye contact. “Is that so? Then why haven’t you called for help? Or used your taser?”

Will face heats. He glares at Hannibal and opens his mouth to reply, but before he could Hannibal leans down and covers Will’s mouth with his own.

Will gasps, purely out of shock and Hannibal takes advantage of it, invading Will’s mouth with his tongue. The kiss, if it can be called that, is all teeth and tongue. Not what Will imagined kissing Hannibal would be like - which okay he admits he did imagine *sometimes* - he imagined Hannibal to be the type who’d kiss and fuck like tasting wine; exploring and savoring. This -

This is not that. This is pure, desperate passion from a man long starved. Each swipe of Hannibal’s tongue maps his mouth, thoroughly tasting him. Will doesn’t kiss back, his mind doesn’t grasp the concept of being kissed by Hannibal. He just stands and tries to make sense of what’s happening.

The hand on his forearm travels up his shoulder and cups his neck, keeping him where the older man wants. Hannibal takes his bottom lip between his sharp teeth and bites down, making him bleed before pulling the lip in his mouth and sucking it harshly. Will whines, sounding desperate and debauched.

One of Hannibal’s hands roams down and wraps around Will’s waist while the other rakes through his curls. Will tries to break off kissing by tilting his head back but Hannibal just starts pressing open mouthed kisses on his cheeks and jaw. Will pants, clutching Hannibal’s uniform in his fists, and when Hannibal nudges his face on Will’s jaw, Will obligingly turns his head to side to give the other man room to suck a bruise right under his ear. Will wants to tell himself that he’s only letting Hannibal do this because he’s confused, that he’s scared what the older man might do if he tries to fight back but he can’t lie to himself.

He’s foolishly, ridiculously and shamelessly attracted to Hannibal Lecter.

What a revelation to have, to know that you’re attracted to one of the most dangerous serial killers in the world, while being forcefully kissed by the said killer who also happens to have a penchant for manipulation for his own amusement. If Will wasn’t feeling pity for himself at that moment he would have surely started to laugh hysterically.

The lights in the shower area flicker suddenly before completely shutting down. Will stiffens at the sudden darkness surrounding him. Hannibal pulls back from his neck where he was sucking what will surely be a vivid bruise and drags Will to the side. He presses Will against the wall before covering Will’s body with his, trapping Will completely before reclaiming his lips in another searing kiss.

The way Hannibal isn’t even a little bit phased by the sudden blackout makes Will realize that the man knew it was going to happen. It scares Will, there’s so many things Hannibal could do to him in the dark with no one coming to see what’s taking Will so damn long to

take Hannibal back to his cell. Will's mind runs wild with all the scenarios playing in his head. He can see Hannibal's sharp teeth ripping into his flesh, he can see Hannibal expertly snapping his neck, he can see Hannibal tearing away his clothes and violating him. Will doesn't realize that he's whining in fear until Hannibal eases off and makes shussing noises to calm him, which absurdly does work. "Will, calm down. I will not hurt you. Do you understand?"

Will nods, feeling a bit stupid because Hannibal can't see him in the dark before verbally replying, "Y - Yes." Will is not sure if he actually believes Hannibal or not but he doesn't have time to ponder on it as the red emergency lights comes on, showering Hannibal's sharp features in the red hue, making him look more dangerous and frightening than normal. Like some veil has been lifted from the man and Will can finally witness Hannibal's true self now.

"Good. Now listen carefully, I'm leaving."

"What? Leaving where?"

"I can't tell you that but I want you to promise you'll stay away from here."

Will frowns. "Wait. You're leaving? As in *breaking out* of the hospital? Right now?"

"Yes," the man replies simply to all his questions.

"Are you fucking crazy!? They'll catch you and Chilton will put you in confinary cell for good!"

"I don't plan on getting caught a second time, Will," he fingers a stray curl on Will's ear with a fond smile, "and technically, my sanity is still up for debate."

Will has never felt such a profound desire to smack someone in the face as he does now. He can't believe that Hannibal is joking right now.

The silence stretches between them, Hannibal waiting for him to say something, but what Will can say. The more he thinks about Hannibal's escape plan the more his head spins. Hannibal was planning to escape for sometime, he planned for the blackout and causing confusion. The guards and nurses would be busy dealing with the other patients and Hannibal can slip out without anyone noticing anything. A simple yet effective plan which would have only worked if Hannibal was not in his cell in the basement level when this happens as that level would be the most focused part of the hospital because it houses the most dangerous patients. He would need to be out already to save time and avoid the hassle of fighting his way out, thus the delay in his showering routine and distracting Will. Will scoffs. Of course, Hannibal kissed him to distract him from putting on the cuffs, why else would Hannibal Lecter kiss Will.

Will shouldn't be hurt, there is no reason for it when Will didn't even wanted to be kissed in the first place but he can't help the stab of hurt resonating in his chest.

Hannibal rests his forehead against Will's and sighs, "Will, I… I want you to come with me."

For a second Will doesn't understand what Hannibal is asking and when he does, he laughs, bitter and hollow. He can't help it.

"I know this maybe a little… overwhelming for you, but my offer is genuine, Will."

"Why in the fucking world would I *ever* come with you?"

"Because I - "

"No!" Will shouts suddenly, the sound echoing in the empty shower area.

Not one to give up so easily, Hannibal starts to speak again, trying to convince Will, but the door of the shower area opens suddenly and someone appears with a flashlight. Seeing an opportunity Will pushes Hannibal with all his strength and in his distraction the older man stumbles back a few steps, which is all the opportunity Will needs to make a dash for the door. Will can barely make out the way in the dim light of the emergency lights and can't see who came for him but he can make out the standard uniform of the security guards and that's all Will needs to know he's safe.

A small part of Will absurdly worries how Hannibal is going to escape now that the guard has come for them, Hannibal should have gone instead of wasting time by talking to Will, but he ignores the thought and focuses on not stumbling and face planting.

Will comes to a skidding stop as he sees the guard raising a gun in his direction. He didn't hear Hannibal coming after them but surely the man would want to dispose of them before they could alert anyone about Hannibal's escape. Seeing a cannibal serial killer running toward oneself would make anyone panic, and while he can't blame the guard he can't stand to watch Hannibal hurt as well.

Will raises his hand out towards the guard, placating and reassuring. "Hey, hey, don't shoot! He's not - "

The guard still shoots.

Due to his time working in homicide, Will has used guns - albeit not on people - but for training and hunting purposes, so yeah, he's intimately aware of the deafening crack of the bullet leaving the barrel of the gun. But he doesn't hear that.

There's silence around him which is broken by his own pained gasp. The sharp pain in his chest makes him stagger back a step but his numb legs don't find balance and falls back, or he would have if there weren't strong arms wrapped around his waist suddenly, keeping him upright. Will tries to raise a hand, to feel for the wound but finds his body is unbelievably unresponsive. *That's not good* .

"Will!" he hears Hannibal calling out his name, sounding alarmed and worried. Will wants to answer the man, he wants to warm the man about the guard with the gun, he wants to tell Hannibal that he -

But his eyes roll back and he succumbs to the darkness.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not satisfied with how this turned out but I have been sitting on it for a while and figured it's time to throw it out lol so apologies for the late update and any typos or mistakes I've missed (Kai)

Also there's about 2 or 3 more chapter left after this one, any idea what's gonna happen. Taking bets now ;p

Chapter 6

Chapter by Kai_99

Chapter Notes

> You might be confused by the starting scene but don't worry you didn't forget anything; the last scene in the previous chapter was Will getting shot at and falling unconscious.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will loops the end of the leader around the tippet six times before expertly securing the end between the lines and trimming the extra bit with a small pair of scissors. He takes a moment to make sure it's perfectly tied before holding the blood knot up for his companion to see.

"Did I get it right?" he asks even after already knowing what the answer will be.

His dad smiles at him, "'Course you did, you always learn fast. Come now, we got dinner to catch."

Will follows his dad and stands in the middle of the river, their movements scattering away the fishes but he knows that if he stands still for a while they'll come back. Not that he needs to wait for them to naturally come back here, he can just summon them if he likes and while he doesn't usually do this, today he finds he can't afford to wait and let his mind wander. He closes his eyes for a second and when he opens them again, he sees many fishes swimming around them.

His dad doesn't even seem fazed by this, why would he? He's just a figment of Will's imagination. Just like everything else around him. The gentle breeze rustling through the trees, the pleasant dual sensation of warmth from the bright sun and the cool water around him.

Usually, he comes to his stream just by himself, but on this particular occasion, he needed a distraction to keep his mind engaged. He has always liked fishing with his dad, it was one of the few things he actually enjoyed doing. The peace and quiet was something he needed constantly back when he hadn't learned to build forts to protect his mind with every intrusive thoughts from everyone around him. His dad, though not completely understanding his condition, knew when to leave him be to wade into the steam and when to pull him out of his own head. He misses his dad.

His imaginary dad gathers up his pole with a similar knot on his line and turns to face him, “One more thing: name the bait on your hook after somebody you cherish before casting. My ma used to say if the person loves you back too you’ll catch your fish,” his dad finishes, glancing meaningfully at the river bank where an unexpected and unwelcome guest has been sitting.

The Wendigo has been haunting Will's dreams ever since he got promoted at the BSHCI, but as the creature never showed a desire to hurt Will in any way, he didn’t mind it, that is, until he realized who the creature represents in his dream. *Him* . The person he’s been trying not to think about, impossible feat really. Even in his stream, *he* keeps invading his thoughts.

“I don’t love him,” he tells his dad. It’s easier to talk about this here where no one can listen in on him and judge him for even entertaining such thoughts.

“But you can.”

Yes, he can. He knows that if he allows himself to *feel* , to confront his feelings, he’ll eventually fall down that rabbit hole and turn his attraction into something more damning. Like love.

“Doesn’t mean I want it.”

His dad scoffs. “You’ve never lied to your old man, son. Don’t start now.”

Will closes his eyes, as if that’ll somehow lessen the blow of the words. It's not the implications of the words that hurt, but his own desire to expose what he's trying to bury, because after all, his consciousness wouldn't bring up the topic if he actually didn't want to. He's so confused. He doesn't know if he wants to pick apart his emotions until he gets a definitive answer or he wants to nip this bud in the root and forget about Hannibal and his feelings towards the man. He would've liked to deal with it directly, but since he doesn't have that luxury he's left to talk to himself.

"I shouldn't want it," he amends after a few more moments of silence.

"Everyone wants to love and be loved, why shouldn't you?"

"Well, their *beau* is not a cannibal, dad." And that should have been enough for him to talk some sense into himself, but unsurprisingly, this is the least of things he's worried about. He knows what Hannibal is, has always been aware of the mask Hannibal wears, of the *thing* hiding behind the mask. He knows that there is no darkness in Hannibal, but Hannibal is the darkness himself. The devil in disguise, and Will sees that, he has always been aware of who he is dealing with. He was never under an illusion, but what Will saw was not as monstrous as everyone wants him to believe.

Will doesn’t want to think what it says about him that he found comfort and friendship in a convicted serial killer.

As if hearing his thoughts, his dad says, “Love is the only way to grasp the full essence of another person, Will, and no one can be fully aware of them unless we love them.”

Will stares at his father and sighs. Of course his subconsciousness is going to latch on the one thing he doesn't actually want to think about and drag it to the foremind.

Before Will could think of an appropriate enough response to his imaginary dad, his time in his stream is cut short as he hears his name being called.

-

"Will?"

Will blinks, clearing his vision of the black spots, to focus on the person sitting opposite him.

"Alana." He can hear the annoyance and bitterness in his voice but he's beyond caring at the moment. Especially when he's being detained like he killed someone.

From the moment he woke up in hospital hours before, he's being interrogated by the police, and then Jack Crawford came himself to drag Will to the FBI headquarter against his doctor's wishes. Ever since then he's locked in one of the interrogation rooms and been made to go through several rounds of the same old questions. He already told them everything he knows but it's still not good enough for them.

"Where were you just now?"

"Fell asleep." He lies. No need to let Alana think him any weirder than she already thinks he is. Besides she is not asking as a friend, she is a FBI's profiler right now, looking for a way to soften him up to make him let down his guard and let something slip so they could pin it all on him. "I'm surprised they let you in here, considering our failed romantic overture."

Alana looks pained for a moment, and Will is not sure if it's because of his biting words or for the reminder of their relationship. She recovers quickly and composes her face into a neutral expression he has seen her use with her patients. He hated it when she couldn't let go of her 'professional curiosity' when they were together which ultimately led them to break off the whole thing.

"They don't know – didn't know about us," she glances at the two-way mirror window on the wall beside them.

Will nods, smiling bitterly. Of course she wouldn't even tell anyone that they were together.

"So, Doctor Bloom, what can I do for you?" he says just to move things along, and not sit in awkward silence with his ex.

Alana clears her throat and flicks her hair over her shoulder - a nervous gesture - and opens the file in front of her. They didn't let him keep his glasses so he can't make out what's written in it but he's sure Alana is going to tell him soon enough, like a disappointed teacher reading his report card.

“We interviewed your coworkers and employer and what they told us is painting a very bad picture for you, Will. Please talk to us, we want to help you. I don’t want you here.”

“I don’t want to be here myself but you are not listening. No one is. You people don’t want to hear what I have to say unless I confess to something I didn’t do.”

“You can’t blame us for making sure we cover our bases.”

“I have worked for the FBI, Alana, and before that I’ve been on the force. I know how things work. This,” he raises his chained wrists, “is not that.”

The door of the interrogation room opens and Jack Crawford comes in, the man takes the free seat beside Alana and pulls the file toward himself, not actually reading. Just letting the silence stretch. Will glares at them both, shoulder hunched like a wild animal ready to attack. Getting tranq by some crazy psycho and waking up in the hospital to find himself surrounded by the FBI agents who are ‘implying’ that he has something to do with Hannibal’s escape will make anyone hostile.

“You’ve been saying you have nothing to do with Lecter’s escape then explain to me this; why is everyone at the BSHCI saying that you are *involved* with Lecter.”

“Involved?” he asks, brows raised. “In what sense?”

“You tell me.”

Jack pulls a recording device from his pocket and places it on the table between them before hitting play.

‘You’re wasting your time, Jack. Time that you could spend interrogating someone who could actually tell you something.’ Will knows who this is; Frederick Fucking Chilton.

‘You know someone, Doctor Chilton?”

‘Oh yes, I bet your star boy, Graham, knows something.’

‘Will? Why would he know about Lecter’s escape?’

‘It might come as a surprise to you but believe me when I tell you this; those two were close. I have video footage of Lecter biting *and* sucking *Will cheek and he did nothing! He just stood there and let it happen!’*

There is a pause then before Chilton speaks again, *‘No, don’t give me that look.’*

‘Doctor Chilton -’

‘Will went inside *Lecter’s cell, Jack. Unarmed. Multiple times. And trust me, you don’t want to know what those two did there.”*

Jack turns off the recorder.

Will looks up at the two people in front of him in outrage. “He’s lying!”

Alana gives Jack a look before answering, “We confirmed it with the guards on duty that you lied about having permission to enter Doctor Lecter’s cell.”

“I did go into his cell but we just talked and it was barely two minutes. We didn’t - I didn't do anything.” He looks at them both, trying to convey the truth in his words but he can see Jack has set his eyes on his prey and like a bloodhound he won’t stop until he has his prey by the neck.

“Alana,” he says, pleading her to believe him. “They are lying, they’re afraid of Chilton that’s why they’re saying what he’s telling them.”

“We have footage of you two in the shower.”

“He caught me off guard, Jack! I didn’t know what to do.”

Alana starts to speak, “Jack, maybe Will’s empathy - ” but Jack rudely cuts her off. “No. I understand that you’re emotionally compromised because of your relationship with the suspect but you will not try to spin this in Will’s favor, Doctor Bloom. You’ll be quiet or you’re welcome to leave anytime.”

Will sees Alana clench her jaw in anger at the way Jack just talked to her, and normally she would have not taken this sort of shit from him, but they all know that if Alana said something now, Jack’s gonna throw her out of the room and then it’ll be just Jack and him, and while Alana may thinks he’s unstable enough to fuck a convicted psycho cannibal, she won’t leave him alone with Jack because Jack’s never been one to follow protocol or above bullying people to get his way. Having Alana there for him means that there’s a part of her that does not believe what everyone is saying about him and that gives him some semblance of hope that he’ll get out of here.

What a fucking mess his life has become.

Ever since he got the job at the BSHCI his life has been a living hell. Getting hounded by Chilton and Matthew relentlessly, getting assaulted by that disgusted man. Surrounded by so many violent personalities trying to get through his forts. And in all of that his one reprieve was Hannibal. The man had kept his rapidly fading sanity intact and Will doesn’t know how to explain this to anyone who isn’t them. What he has with Hannibal, what he feels for Hannibal can’t be put into words. He’s not he can if he tries to, confused as he is by his own feelings.

He should have just stuck to fixing boat motors in Louisiana like his dad, or refused to help Jack, or shouldn’t have agreed to be Hannibal’s primary caretaker. So many ‘what ifs’ and ‘what could bes’.

Will rubs a hand on his face, getting more frustrated by the second.

“Did Chilton told you about the prisoner who sexually assulted me?” he says and watches as both Alana’s and Jack’s eyes go comically wide. He knew that fucking bastard would cover that shit to save his ass. Too bad he went about it the wrong way to do it. “The man’s name was Miggs, he caught me through the bars and assaulted me. Matthew Brown and a few other guards came to save me. I beat Miggs before they took him to hospital and the next day Chilton called me to tell me that Miggs is dead and that Hannibal did it. Even though he has no proof of it.

“He put Hannibal in a confineray cell and told me to not tell anyone about Miggs’ death or else he’ll tell everyone I killed Miggs. He did all of this so I’ll go to dinner with him to talk about my empathy disorder.”

Jack stares at him for two whole minutes before scoffing. “You do realize that everything you just said sounds like a load of bullshit.”

Will swallows the sudden lump in his throat, the hurt he feels at being called a liar is unbearable, especially when he told Jack, the man who knew him before he got tangled in this mess, that he was assaulted.

Will closes his eyes and takes a calming breath to push aside his hurt and anger so he won’t do anything stupid, like breaking his thumb to free himself and choking Jack with his shackles.

“Ask Matthew, he’ll tell you the truth.”

“Why should we ask him.”

“Just ask him, Jack! And make Alana ask the staff about Chilton, give them assurance that you’ll actually punish him instead of giving him a slap on wrist and letting him go and they’ll talk.”

“You sound very desperate there, Will.”

Will barks out a laugh, “Shouldn’t I be. You’re about to hang me for the crimes I didn’t do, I’ll be damned if I didn’t go down fighting.”

Jack sighs and sits back, contemplating everything they’ve said. Will chances a glance at Alana and immediately regrets it, seeing the sickening pity in her eyes. He should have taken his chance with just Jack alone and asked for Alana to leave the room. He can just imagine the probing questions she’ll ask him later and nag him to see a therapist. Again.

“Alright,” Jack says suddenly, banging his fist on the table, making him flinch, “I’ll ask them again and see what they say. But explain these to me, will you?” and slides the file towards him.

Will hesitantly picks it up and skips through the pages that had statements from the hospital staff, knowing that this is not what Jack wants him to see. When he does find it, he nearly

drops the file in shock.

On the drawing pages that seem too expensive to be given to a convicted patient are so many drawings. He knows they're Hannibal's because he has seen some of them taped in the man's cell. But the highlight of these drawings are the ones of *him* . His expressions, his eyes, his lips, his face, his fucking naked body.

He's aware that his face is burning in humiliation but he can't tear his eyes from the sketches. Objectively speaking, they are very tasteful albet pornographic. He knows that these are just from Hannibal's imagination, the man has never seen him without clothes but still he can't help but feel flattered.

Will memorizes every single one of the sketches, knowing that this is the last time he'll ever see them and closes the folder. He makes himself push it away even though he wants to tuck it against his chest and take it home with him, the only tangible proof of the man's existence in his life.

"I didn't know he drew those," he mumbles.

"But *why* did he?"

"I… " *I think he's in love with me.* "I don't know."

Chapter End Notes

if it was not clear here's a little summary; After Will was shot (by a tranquillizer gun) he woke up in the hospital and find himself surrounded by the police and fbi agents who take him to question about his involvement in Hannibal's escape because Chilton tells everyone that Will and Hannibal were fucking. While there he escape in his stream to pass the time and talks to his imaginary dad about his feeling towards Hannibal.

Hope this was a satisfactory chapter, I tried

- Kai

Chapter 7

Chapter by Kai_99

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They let Will stew in the interrogation room for hours before even allowing him a call for lawyer. He knows that they did it in hopes that he'll break and confess something. He makes sure to relay this to his lawyer, Leonard Brauner, who gave the FBI something to worry about; like arresting him under false accusations against his doctor's advice. Between Brauner and the lack of *any* evidence, he was freed in an hour. Will is not naïve enough to think that this is the end of this, he can bet Jack will find a way to drag him back into that room soon enough but what possibly can he do; he can't run away from here no matter how tempting that seems right now; he doesn't have the means to do that and running will just condemn him further.

If that wasn't stressful enough, somehow Freddie Lounds got the information about his so called involvement in Hannibal's escape and what happened with Miggs. This is not the first time he became a victim of Lounds and her hypocritical brand of journalism but this is the first time she has managed to hit a mark. She not only called him unhinged enough to sleep with a serial killer but made accusations that he only got the job at the BSHCI so he could be near 'his people'. His lawyer was kind enough to get that article down but the damage was already done. He is labelled a psychopath in the eye of the public.

Oh how he wishes that he could show Lounds what happens when you piss off a guy who is labelled a psychopath but unfortunately, the FBI is still watching his every move and he can't risk doing anything that might come to bite him in the ass later.

Not that he would actually kill someone. Fantasizing about it is one thing and pretty harmless in his opinion. Though he's aware that if he voiced this he'll land himself a spot in Hannibal's previous cell. Alana is already up his ass about seeing a psychiatrist, she thinks that Hannibal took advantage of his empathy and used him. Funny. How everyone he has ever met has tried to use him except Hannibal.

The only reason he hasn't blocked her yet is the occasional update she gives him relating to the case. According to her the staff at the BSHCI has finally spilled the beans about Frederick's deeds but before Jack could even get a warrant for Chilton that sleazy bastard ran away to God knows where. It doesn't paint a good picture about Chilton, especially in the light of all the wrong doings Chilton has been covering for years; turns out that Miggs' murder was not the first one Chilton hid. There's all kind of speculations about why Chilton would help Hannibal escape and truth be told Will can't wrap his mind around that. It doesn't feel right. Everyone knows how Chilton loathed Hannibal so it doesn't add up, but he has learned his lesson and kept his thoughts to himself and tries to move on from this whole shit show.

He even quitted his job, not only because Alana was appointed as the temporary head of BSHCI but because of his sanity, he can't keep going there and opening himself to so many insane personalities. He has been so immersed in his job that he was not paying attention to the toll his mind was taking. The nightmares, hallucinations, being tired all the time. Chilton had him working overtime so much that he was not getting any time to purge all the other personalities. But now that he has time he can begin untangling himself from others.

It's not easy though. Without his dogs to keep him company the solitude and silence of his home feels strange. He woulda usually leave for walk or fishing but since he's pretty famous these days he can't step out of his building without getting surrounded by the vultures like Freddie Lounds. Yesterday he got so desperate that he nearly called Jack to let him consult again. He didn't of course, not only it would be highly suspicious of him to join back after months of saying no and also because he actually doesn't want to do it again. One time was enough to keep him away for life. Jack knew that he can't keep wandering in the darkness, sooner or later, he would have been lost to it and who knows what would come out of it but the man still pushed him until he nearly died. So he does everything he can think of to keep his mind occupied; he sleeps, eats, make lures, read.

He's aware that his financial situation would force him to seek a job sooner or later but until this shit show calms down and the reporters understands that he's not going to give them any interview he's stuck in the house.

The ringing of the phone pulls him from his thoughts. For a second he contemplates letting it ring, but the possibility that it could be Alana makes him leave his comfortable spot on the couch to fetch his phone.

Seeing that it's Matthew calling him again he sighs.

Matthew has been calling him a lot for the past few days. First to ask about the FBI, then to ask about his job, then to ask when they'll have their dinner. Will had been so busy that he completely forgot about the dinner he promised Matthews in exchange to help Hannibal. How useless that had been, if he had known Hannibal was planning on breaking out he would have left the man in the confinement cells. He had to put himself out in order to get Hannibal out and the man didn't even tell him that there's no need for that. Fucking asshole.

Now Hannibal has fucked off to some other country – probably Italy or France – and he's left to deal with all the lash back. Will considers just leaving the phone ringing but he figures Matthew deserves a proper answer if nothing else. After all he's going to change his number anyways.

"Graham speaking," he says, keeping his voice neutral.

"Oh hey, Will! What's up?"

Will grimaces, he hates small talk. Why can't people just get to the point and spare him all the bullshit? "Uh yeah, I'm fine. Listen I'm a little busy so..." he trails off awkwardly, not sure how he's supposed to finish that sentence. Thankfully Matthew is too enthusiastic and picks up the conversation easily.

“Yeah yeah, totally get it. I just wanna to know when you comin’ for dinner. I was thinkin’ my place would be good; we can order somethin’ or there’s a little diner a block down the road that has this amazing – ”

“I’m not coming.”

“If tomorrow is not good for ya that’s alright. We can reschedule. ”

“No, Matthew,” he sighs. “No day is good for me. I’m not coming. I’m sorry that I led you on but I’m not… I don’t date men.”

There’s a pause on the other side before the other man speaks again, *“But I thought you like me.”*

Will grimaces, hating that he’s had to do this but he doesn’t have any other choice. “I don’t like you like *that*. I’m sorry.”

There an awkward pause, both men quiet in tense silence before Matthew ends the call.

Well that went better than he expected.

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Later that night, Will finds a unopened bottle of whiskey and makes a unwise decision to get drink it on empty stomach. Pleasantly drunk and on the way to pass out, his door unlocks. Without his dogs alerting him beforehand and his senses dulled by alcohol, he doesn’t notice until the intruder comes to stand at the foot of his bed.

Will startles and moves to sit up, not completely sure that it’s not just a fragment of his imagination when the intruder wraps both hand around his throat and slam him back. Before he could even understand what’s happening, the other person jumps on the bed and sits heavily on top of him, hindering his moments further. Will, blind with panic, does his best to hit the person but it’s like hitting a brick house, his punches seem to have no effect on the other man instead it just angers the man into back handing him across the face.

The slap makes him so dizzy that he stops struggling which was all his assailant needed to uncap a syringe and inject him with something.

Will whimpers, feeling his limbs growing rapidly heavy and uncooperative. Seeing that he can’t move anymore, his attacker let go of his throat and roughly grabs his chin, tilting his face upwards. He can’t see the other man clearly, it’s dark and his vision keep darkening around the edges. He has no way of knowing who this is and why he’s being attack unless the man tells him.

As if reading his thoughts, the man leans down and pants against his face, “Did you really think that I’m gonna let you make a fucking fool out of me, you fucking bitch!?!”

Will’s eyes go wide in horror as he recognizes the voice.

It’s Matthew Browns.

Chapter End Notes

I've been siting on this for ages because I wanted to keep this chapter's wc as long as the other ones but it wasn't happening so please accept this meager offering T_T
(Kai)

Chapter 8

Chapter by Kai_99

Chapter Notes

Alright people buckle up this fic is about to earn its ratings!!!

TW for attempted rape but dw nothing happens

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Matthew Brown was hired at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane he saw endless opportunities ahead of him. He immersed himself in all that wasted talent, taking their best parts in him and learned from their mistakes so he won't join them in a cell of his own. It was the best fucking job ever.

The incarceration of the Chesapeake Ripper was an unexpected bonus. The man came, head held high, piercing eyes daring anyone to come within the biting distance of those sharp teeth and Matthew *wanted*, he fucking wants that. He wants that respect, that ability to cause terror without saying a word, that admiration, that cruelty. He wanted everything.

He wanted to *be* the Chesapeake Ripper.

It was Matthew's luck that the Ripper wanted to keep his legacy alive and choose him, because come on, who else was better than him. He was diligent, passionate and was on a steady way to success long before Lecter came along. Technically, he didn't needed Lecter but there's nothing wrong with taking a shortcut to fame, and Lecter promised him all the knowledge and assets he would need to live the rest of his life comfortable. All in exchange of a simple price of Lecter's freedom.

He agreed. The man would have to leave the country and keep a low profile if he didn't wanted to end up in a cell again so Matthew had no problem with Lecter escaping.

For months he planned for the big escape; changing his shifts to mornings on certain days, making a copy of Barney's master key because that's the only key with access to all levels. He memorized all the blank spots from security cameras, exits and possible escape routes.

All in all, it was sailing pretty smoothly, but then came Will Graham. With his sweet cock sucking lips, brown curls that begged to be pulled and that delicious ass that just needs a thick hard cock to spilt it open. The perfect little birdie for Matthew to fuck and keep.

Matthew *wanted.* With a passion he didn't feel before. He doesn't know if it's Will's ignorance about his feelings or the treat of others catching Will's attention that made him want to just snatch the boy away from this shit hole, but God does he want.

Of course, he knew a pretty boy like Will was going to attract some *very* unwanted attention and he was ready to deal with it. First it was Frederick, the bumbling fool tried so hard to get Will's attention, he's not sure if the man wanted to just get inside Will's head for his paper or he wanted to have a go at that ass too. The second was a security guard that tried to be a little too friendly with Will, passing jokes and hanging around the changing room when Will was there. Thankfully, Will showed no interest in them and Matthew didn't had to interfere.

Matthew did, however, had to deal with Miggs. He didn't think that Miggs would dare touch his Will but he was wrong and he had to beat the shit out of that fucker after his angry little birdie had a go at Miggs. Later, he helped Lecter fake a medical emergency to get the man in the same room as Miggs and watched in satisfaction as Lecter made the bastard pay for touching his Will. That was the first time he watched the man perform 'surgery' on someone and he was fucking buzzing out of his skin by the time Lecter was done. Overall, it was a bloody good experience.

Everyone suspected Lecter for the murder and Matthew thought things would get easier now; he thought every potential competition would back off now knowing the fate of Miggs, but instead his stupid little Will started making *fuck-me* eyes at Hannibal. Oh how he wanted to just come out and tell Will that without him, Lecter wouldn't have hurt a fly so if anyone needed to be thanked it was him! But he didn't, of course he didn't. He was not dumb. He didn't wanted to scare his birdy away – or locked up, thank you very much – so he was *fucking dealing* it. And as if keeping Chilton away from Will and putting a lid on his desire to forgo all the fuss and lock Will up in his house wasn't enough, he got the biggest betrayal of his life by none other than Lecter.

Matthew *worshipped* the man and he was fucking stabbed in the back for it. The older man thought he was a fool who'd be placated by false reassurances that Will is nothing more than a plaything for Lecter. Did the man actually think he'd fall for that? Did Lecter really thought he won't bother spying on them through the security tapes? The same tapes he tampered with every day to keep his meetings with Lecter a secret.

He's sure Lecter did it on purpose, he wanted Matthew to see. Well, he did, now it was his turn to show Lecter what happens when he's fucked over.

Some plans had to change for it. He went home that night and made some improvements on the cell he made in a guest room. It was initially meant for Will. A back up plan of sorts, just in case Will proved to be a little too thick headed for his taste and he needed to lock up the boy for a few months to get his head straight. Now it looks like it'll hold a new guest.

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If Matthew had any doubts about Lecter's intentions before, it was cleared when he saw him tongue fucking Will. The older man practically attacked Will, taking advantage of his precious innocent Will. He wished that he had his gun then, he wanted to shoot Lecter in the

head but alas, Lecter had said that guns lack intimacy and if he wanted to be Ripper he needed to let that go and embrace his true nature.

He'll show Lecter his true nature alright, but for now he needed to get Lecter out of the hospital without getting caught, especially by Will. He doesn't want the boy to be afraid of him – he likes the way Will is; sweet and naïve, like a little bird, unaware of the hawk circling above it – so he had to use his dart gun to incapacitate the boy. He watched in anger as Lecter took opportunity to wrap Will's limp form in his arms, checking his eyes and pulse. As if Matthew would even think about killing Will.

He let Lecter make sure Will is going to be alright until the help comes and he's taken to a hospital before guiding the older man through the least used passages to escape the hospital. They make a run for the forest behind the hospital and makes their way through the beaten down dirt paths to a hidden location where he parked his car earlier.

It's so easy after that. He asks Lecter to grab the bag from the trunk and change his clothes to avoid suspicion. Lecter agrees, why wouldn't he? After all, if Matthew had any intentions to betray the man he would have done it sooner and that was Lecter's mistake; underestimating Matthew, his own protégé.

Matthew used the same dart gun to shoot Lecter in the back and watched smugly as the man's eyes widen and he stumbled a few steps before going down like a bag of shit he is.

Cursing and grunting, Matthew manages to tie Lecter's feet and arms before putting the man in the trunk and driving away. He's not worried about getting caught by the police. He's confident on his plan, now he just has to wait for the heat to calm a little before making his debut as the new Ripper. Matthew has decided that he's going to make Lecter his first official victim. He's going to hang Lecter like Judas; who was so ashamed of his betrayal that he hanged himself. Lecter is going to need a little help in that department but that's alright. He'll make Lecter regret ever trying to get between him and Will.

When Lecter wakes up, he didn't look shocked or angry, he didn't plead, he didn't even threaten. Much to Matthew's disappointment. Seriously, the man sucks the joy out of everything! And just for that Matthew decided to feed him tator tots for dinner.

The next few days passed in a mix of excitement and impatience. The media had a field day taking down the FBI's and BSHCI's reputation. Chilton, the fucker, tried to blame Will for Lecter's escape. He can just imagine the tale Chilton would spin; declaring Will a mentally unstable individual who got manipulated by Lecter and helped the man escape. If that happen, they'll lock Will in BSHCI and won't that be a wet dream come true for Chilton, all that unrestricted access to Will to do as he pleases. Not that Matthew would ever let that happen. If anyone is going to clip that little birdie's wings, it's going to be Matthew himself.

Matthew is ecstatic when Will picks him to defend the boy in front of the FBI, which he does with immense pleasure. It was long overdue that Chilton got his due, he made sure to tell the FBI how Chilton is in habit of doing very unethical experiments on patients, harassing people and forcing others to cover up his mistakes. Like he forced dear ole him to hide Miggs' body. The evidence against Chilton painted a very grim picture and it didn't help when the man fled before the FBI could question him. Matthew was only a little annoyed that the fucker got

away but then he thought it was better this way; he can make Chilton his second victim. A gift for his little birdie.

In the meantime, he has a date to look forward to.

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His Will made him wait for days, ignoring his texts and calls and when the younger man did pick up the call, his answers were clipped and short. Matthew tried to not take the behavior personally, he knew the boy lacked the social skills but a bitter part of him reminded him that Lecter had no problem getting Will to talk. Of course he's aware of Lecter's manipulations and tricks, the man fooled the whole world and what a little stupid boy like Will is against Lecter but it still stings like a bitch.

His breaking point came when Will out right rejected him. Lecter had watched him made the call, Matthew had wanted to flaunt, show off that Will is going to be with him but instead Will humiliated him in front of Lecter. The man didn't so much as say a word, but he didn't have to, his smug smile was enough to set Matthew's blood on fire.

He's not going to let Lecter win. He won't let Will make a fool out of him too, he's no Chilton. If Will is going be a bitch about it then fine, Matthew will show him exactly what happens when someone try to fuck with him.

A couple months tied to his bed and Will's gonna be singing a whole new tune.

Hannibal Lecter can count on his finger's the time he was ever afraid; he remembers with a vivid clarity the day his parents died, leaving the care of his young charge on his equally young and incapable shoulders. The other time was when the solders snatched away Mischa from his arms and he heard her distressed cries stop abruptly, not knowing if she's alive or not. The other times were not important in compare; being discovered stealing food for himself, his aunt finding her Katanas bloody with his hunt, that one time he thought he won't be able to save a little boy during surgery and the most recent one; when Matthew shot Will.

But the thing about fear is that; whenever you feel like you've reached your limit and nothing can faze you anymore, you find a whole new thing that shakes you to your core. Hannibal experiences something similar to that the moment he sees Matthew carrying Will Graham's unconscious body in the room.

For a moment, he thinks Matthew has killed Will and has come to gloat. He swallow thickly, feeling his vision darken all of sudden, but as he detects the small rise and fall of Will's chest as Matthew sets the boy down – just out of his reach – he breathes a sigh of relief.

That short relief turns into fear again when Matthew starts to frantically strip the unconscious man. Hannibal has not yet fully grasped the scene in front of him and Will is bare. The boy was wearing just a tee shirt and skimpy boxer shorts; he must be sleeping when Matthew attacked him. Hannibal feels the beast in his chest pacing as he sees Will's bruised mouth.

"Matthew," he calls, voice tight, "what are you doing?"

"The fuck does it look like?"

Will stirs, groaning softly. He blinks a few times and turn his head this and that way, clearly confused by his surroundings.

"Wha-what's happening?" the younger man slurs, trying to get his arms and legs to coordinate enough to sit up but failing miserably. He's drugged.

This is bad, this is really bad.

"Stop this instant, Matthew," Hannibal is not going to pretend he doesn't know what's Matthew intentions are. "You want to be Ripper and Ripper never sexually assaults his victims."

The other man completely ignores him and continue to leers at Will. Whatever Matthew injected Will is quite strong, even as Will is verging on the edge of panic attack, breath coming in sharp pants, the haze of the drug has strong grip on Will. Not allowing the boy to do much except feebly pawing off Matthew who is crawling up the boy's body on four.

"*Hannibal*!"

Hannibal's chest aches hearing Will cry out for him. He wants to hold the boy and reassure him that everything will be alright. He wants to break free from his cage and slaughter Matthew – he doesn't think he'll be able to hold himself in check to truly make the man suffer for his audacity. No, he'll snap that *pig's* neck, just to make him stop putting his filthy hands on Will – but he can't.

The bars of the cell are sturdy with no weak point, he has already checked every nook and corner for something that he might use to escape or wield as a weapon but Matthew has been meticulous in the preparation of this cell.

If Will was not the one facing the consequences of his mistake, he might have admired this – it is, after all not an easy feat to set up something like this on his own and managing to trap Hannibal here – but as it is, all he can do is watch helplessly as Will receives a slap across the face for struggling.

The boy's already bruised mouth splits. Hannibal's lips curl in a snarl.

Will groans, momentarily dazed. Matthew predictably takes advantage of it, he spread open Will's thighs and settles between them. He undoes his pants and pulls out his cock.

Will's eyes widen and a chocked sob tears out of his throat, "No, please, don't."

Matthew laughs gleefully, “Come on, Will, don’t be like this. I promise next time I’ll be gentle.” The man leans down on one arm, gripping Will’s curls by the other hand and humps against Will. A mockery of what’s to come, “But this time I’ve to teach you a lesson for being such a fucking bitch.”

“Matthew!” he tries again in vain to direct the man’s focus on him but he’s ignored again.

“You were such a fucking cock tease you know, no wonder everyone wanted to fuck you,” the man punctuates his word by thrusting against Will, making the younger man shakes his head.

Hannibal feels like he might throw up. “Matthew, I don’t know why you’re doing this but this is enough. You’ve made your point, now stop.”

The other man finally turns towards him, setting on his hunches – thankfully not touching Will anymore. “Oh yeah? What point that might be, *doctor*?”

Hannibal grits his teeth, swallow back his anger before answering, “I shouldn’t have kissed Will.”

“Oh no, doctor, you did more than kiss him. You fucked him up! I told you to not make him another one of your plaything but you did it anyway.”

“I did no such thing.”

“Course you fucking did!” the other man shouts, and turns towards him finally. “He was *perfect* before you got in his fucking head! He was mine and you filled his head with your fucking shit! You took him away from me! I didn’t wanted to do this to him, I wanted to be *good* to him but you left me no choice, Lecter. This is all on you, I hope you’re happy.”

Seeing that Matthew is distracted Will, scramble back a little without getting Matthew’s attention. Good. Hannibal just have to keep Matthew’s attention on himself until Will can get his bearings and –

And what? He asks himself. *What can Will do?* He’s drugged and beaten, and other than his previous training as an officer years ago – which is useless against an opponent like Matthew – he doesn’t know how to fight. Matthew is strong, even under normal circumstances getting the upper hand would’ve been difficult if not impossible but now Will is helpless, trapped in the predator’s claws.

Will stands on shaky legs, embarrassment clear on his face at his nudity, and sweeps the room with sharp gaze, looking for a way out or some weapons – unlikely that Matthew would be careless enough to keep one here. There’s only one exit from the room and it’s locked. The lock on the inside is a simple bolt one which would take only few seconds to open. But if Will made a run for it, Matthew will easily catch him before he could open the lock and he doesn’t see that ending pleasantly.

The only feasible way to make it possible for Will to get out of here unharmed is that Hannibal get Matthew within his reach and grab the man. He’s sure he can hold the man until

Will escapes.

Hannibal distantly thinks that the first thing Will is going to do after escaping from here is call for help and Hannibal will end up back in the hospital but dismisses it quickly. It's alright. He can live in that retched place knowing that Will is safe. If his freedom is the price he has to pay, then so be it. He won't let Will suffer because of him.

"Will is the product of his own making, I've no hand in shaping who he is, as I've no hand in making you rape him."

Will flinches at his words but he pays it no mind, he can't get distracted now.

"I believe doctor," Matthew mocks, copying his accent, "that you're in denial but don't you worry, when you see me fuck him with your own eyes you'll accept the reality."

"Matthew, *please*." Will pleads.

Matthew turns back towards Will with a pleasured glint in his eyes. It doesn't take a genius to understand that Will's fearful begging is having the opposite effect on the man than what Will was probably hoping for. Matthew is the sort of animal that will chase you no matter how much you run, the only way to survive him is to put him down for good.

"Oh Will," Matthew raises his hands towards Will, like he's placating a wild animal ready to snap at one wrong move. "I'm sorry it came down to this. I swear I didn't wanted to do it like this, I was gonna fucking *wine and dine* you properly before fucking you but plans change."

Hannibal sneers at the other man's audacity to utter such vulgar things to *his* boy in front of him. He's going to rip out Matthew's tongue just for this.

Will shakes his head, eyes shining with tears, "Please don't hurt me."

Matthew cups Will's face, forcing eye contact between them before kissing Will.

Hannibal's blood *boils*. He growls, shakes the bar of his cell, shouts Matthew's name but he is ignored once again. Will is weeping, eyes clenched shut, not fighting against the assault. Hannibal watches with mounting helplessness as Matthew traps Will between his body and the wall, and continues to assault Will.

Matthew trails one of his hand in the younger man's hair, while other snakes down below. Though Hannibal can't see clearly, the movement of Matthew's arm tell him enough that the man is pulling himself out of his pants.

For a fleeting moment, his eyes catch Will's. He's unsure what Will see in his face – probably rage, desperation and fear – but the beast he sees in the boy's eyes makes his breath catch. Hannibal hears Will's distressed cries, sees his tear stained face but those eyes shows a different story altogether.

Baffled, he watches as Matthew maneuver Will's pliant body to his satisfaction, completely unaware of the trap he's walking into.

Will ducks his head, resting his forehead against Matthew's shoulder. The man takes it in stride, probably thinking it's a sign of Will's compliance, and begin undressing himself.

It happened so fast. One moment Hannibal trying to comprehend what's happening and the next moment his brain is having trouble grasping what just occurred.

There's blood. So much blood. It's pouring out of Matthew's neck in an alarming amount – distantly Hannibal thinks that he's going to die – but his focus is on Will. The boy is drenched in blood, from his mouth to down his chest, he's covered in blood.

The expression on the boy face can only be explained as feral. Wild. Unhinged.

His lips are stretched back in a snarl, bloody teeth fully displayed clenching their price proudly. Matthew's skin, a chunk torn from his neck.

Hannibal spares a glance at the dying man but his eyes are pulled back on Will and the spectacular vision he creates as he spits away the flesh and blood.

"Will," he breathes out, and whatever daze the boy seems to be in breaks. Will jerks, as if hit, and looks at Matthew's body in horror. He gasps, meeting Hannibal's look and shakes his head.

"Oh God, what did I do?"

"Will, it's okay," he assures the boy gently, "He was going to hurt you, you did what you had to do."

Will doesn't seem to be hearing him, still staring at the corpse and trembling like a leaf. He stumbles to the door and with some struggle manages to open it. Hannibal call him, but hearing his voice the boy runs away, leaving Hannibal to dejectedly rest his forehead against the bars.

Hannibal sighs and let his legs fold under him, turning until he sits on the floor with his back against the bars. He closes his eyes and strain to hear any sound, trying to guess if Will is calling the police or he simply ran away.

Hannibal wonders if this is how he's going to die. If it is, he's glad that at the very least, he'll die with his dignity intact. Unlike Matthew with his pants around his ankles. Fitting death for a pig.

Oh how magnificent his Will was; covered in his conquest's blood. Hannibal had only dreamt of seeing this vision one day. He always knew Will has the potential and in another life where Hannibal had met the boy without bars separating them, he'd have exploited it until Will gives in and reveal his true self. But in this life, he has promised himself to never push Will in that way, he'd be content with Will as he is. If Will choose to spend his whole life hiding behind the mask, Hannibal will let him as long as he's with Hannibal. But as luck would have it, Hannibal has been gifted with a vision more exquisite than anything in this world. And he'll die with that image burned in his eyes.

Hannibal doesn't know how long he sits there, reliving the magnificent moments again and again in his mind palace when he hears the door squeak open. He doesn't turn as the hesitant steps draw near him. He can smell its Will. Perhaps Will has come to collect his clothes now that the boy is calmed down a little. Respecting the boy's privacy, he keeps his face turned the other way.

Hearing the jingle of keys and the door of his cell opens make him turn his face in surprise. Hannibal raises to his feet as Will – still nude – give the door a little push and steps aside.

Freedom. A few steps and his years long incarceration ends. He comes to stand in front of the younger man, keeping a respectable distance between them.

"You can leave," Will says.

"And what will you do when I'm gone."

"I'll try to convince the FBI that I have no hand in your escape," he says with a sardonic smile. "And that I didn't kill Matthew for funsies."

"I'm sure if you'll explain what happened here they won't hold you accountable. You had no way to defend yourself."

Will shakes his head, "The FBI was already suspicious about my perceived involvement. They only let me go because they didn't have any evidence against me, but now they'll have an orgy of evidence. I'm sure Jack Crawford would gladly put me behind bars."

"Didn't he knew you before you came here? I'm sure he won't – "

"Hannibal, just stop," Will rubs a hand on his face, his frustration evident. "I'm known to be an unstable person and Chilton didn't help my case exactly. They let me go once but this time they'll do everything in their power to blame it all on me. They need a scrape goat and I'm conveniently available."

"And you think I'll let them put you away in my place."

Will takes a steps closer before whispering, "I'm doomed, the lest I can do is help you."

Hannibal turns and walks back into the cell to pick up the blanket Matthew has provided him for sleeping. It's relatively clean and the only thing he can provide Will to cover up. The boy takes the blanket from him hesitantly and wraps it around his shoulders, mumbling a thanks.

"Why do you want to sacrifice yourself for me, Will?" he asks finally. They both know that Will could have called the police and deliver him back, proving his innocence very easily. In fact, he'd have been declared a hero. But the boy is willing to loss everything for his freedom. Why?

"Because I – because you don't belong in a cage."

"And you think trading places with me is the best option we have." Hannibal hesitantly reaches for the boy, giving him ample time to move away if his touch is unwanted but when

he sees no objection, he places his hand on Will's shoulder. "You can come with me, Will."

Will inhales sharply, "What?"

"I understand last time when I asked it was not an appropriate time but here I'm asking you again; come with me."

"Where will we go?"

"Florence," he answers without hesitation. "That's where I grew up. I want to show you all the magnificent thing the city has to offer, and then when the hunt for me has calmed down, I'll take you to see the world. Wherever you want."

Will breaks their eye contact, as if ashamed to confess something. "I'm not like you, Hannibal. I'm not a murderer."

If this was any other person, Hannibal would be reminding them of the still warm dead body in the room, but this is his Will. He swore to never hurt Will and he plans on honoring that promise. "I don't care. I see you, Will and all I want from you is to see me."

"I see you," Will says, giving him a small smile. Hannibal draw Will in his arms, wrapping the trembling boy in his embrace. He sighs, content.

Will doesn't know how long he let Hannibal hold him before he reluctantly draws back. He meets older man's eyes and sees the longing and desire in them. He sees the depth of the man's feelings for him and it floors him. It's surreal, being the object of someone's affection, especially if it's someone like Hannibal Lecter. The man is beautiful in every way and to know this man loves him makes his whole body feel warm.

He glances at the man's mouth and leans forward a little, trusting Hannibal to meet him halfway, and he's pleased when he isn't disappointed. Their lips meet and Will's toes curls on the cold floor. His hands trail up the other man's arm and shoulder, exploring what he couldn't during their first kiss. Hannibal on the other hand is hesitant in his touches, not like their kiss in the hospital. That was more of what he expects from Hannibal, this uncertainty doesn't suit the man. Will knows why Hannibal is being careful with him and while he finds it very sweet, it also frustrates him.

He nips at that pouty upper lip and growls, "He didn't break me, Hannibal."

"Forgive me, but you were not very pleased when I kissed you the first time. You can't blame me for thinking you're just looking for a clutch for balance."

"Oh yeah? Well what if I am?" he raises his brow, looking at the older man through his lashes. "Can't I expect you to be my paddle?"

“I’ll be whatever you want me to be, darling boy. I don’t, however, want you to regret this later. I would also like to apologize for my ambush in the shower the other day, I shouldn’t have done that.”

“Hannibal, I would’ve kneed you in the balls if I really wanted you to stop. I was just surprised is all, and I had time to think about it since then and I realized you were right; I am attracted to a psychopath – not that you classify as one. Now will you stop psychoanalyzing me.”

Hannibal huffs, pressing placating pecks on his mouth. Looking very pleased at Will’s confession. Hannibal grips his hips in a possessive hold while the other grips his curls, directing his face as he wants. The older man coaxes his mouth open and plunges his tongue in, tasting and marking, as if he can remove the memory of Matthew’s invasive mouth with sheer will. It’s a little amusing, but Will can’t blame the older man. He has felt the helplessness the older man was feeling when Matthew was assaulting him. he’ll let the man have this.

Will cups Hannibal’s face and pulls the man with him as he turns, leaning against the bar of the cell. This way, with his eyes closed and Hannibal pressed closed to him, he can imagine himself in BSHCI with Hannibal. He had dreams like this; Hannibal turning into smoke and shadows, escaping his cell to drag Will in the cell with him and having his wicked ways with him. Of course, even in those dreams Will was very eager to be taken, just like he’s now.

What he told Matthew was true, he’s not into men, but his attraction to Hannibal can’t be labeled by something so conventional. It’s unexplainable. Unmeasurable.

Hannibal pulls back, searching his face, “Do you trust me, Will?”

Will nods before he even fully registers the action. “I do,” he says, groaning when the older man presses his lips against Will’s throat, sucking a bruise in the exact place he left one previously.

Will’s breath hitches as Hannibal trail his fingers down Will’s naked chest, grazing his peaked nipples on the way. He’s suddenly made aware of his half hard cock and he squirms in embarrassment. Feeling self-conscious he tugs Hannibal’s shirt – absently wondering how Matthew got Hannibal to wear a ratty tee shirt and sweats – and the older man, attuned to Will’s desire, starts stripping.

Hannibal steps out of his trousers and let Will admire his stunning form to his fill. Will has seen Hannibal plenty of time during shower time but this is the first time he has done so with shameless abandon. The older man, ever the exhibitionist, makes a lose fist around his cock and strokes himself.

“Jesus, Hannibal.”

Will admits; his previous sexual encounters are relatively few and very lack luster, but seeing this; Hannibal unashamedly touching himself for Will’s pleasure is making him feel too hot in his own skin. He rolls his shoulder, letting the blanket fall. He doesn’t think that he has Hannibal’s confidence to do something like that but he’s happy to touch the man. He trails his

finger through the tuff of hair on the man's chest, tugging it experimentally and discovering he likes the feel of them very much. His other hand joins on rolling and tugging the man's nipples, something he's familiar with, making Hannibal groan and thumb his cockhead, teasing out a drop of pre.

Will bites back an obscene sound and closes his eyes, he feels like he's the one who's being touched. His empathy latching on the other man's emotions. Though for once in his life he's aware enough of his own desire to not get overwhelm.

"Will," Hannibal breathes, a question in his voice. He's asking for permission to continue.

Will is not so naïve that he doesn't know where this is going, and while there's nervousness because of his lack of experience, he trusts Hannibal to know what he can take and to stop if it proves too much for him.

"Yeah, fuck me."

The words are barely out of his mouth when Hannibal moves, suddenly picking him up and taking him into the cell. He wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist as the man lowers them onto the mattress on the floor with surprisingly ease. Due to their proximity, their cocks touch, creating a pleasing friction that has Will grinding up to the man, seeking more.

This is where whatever inhibitions and restraint Hannibal had goes flying out the window. His eyes flash, predatory lust taking over as he watches Will writhing under him. Taking in each detail. Will is fully expecting to see his likeness in this moment recreated on a paper in the near future. He's eager to see it himself. He wants to know what Hannibal see when the man looks at him.

Time passes in a blur of desperate kisses and hungry bites sharp enough to make him bleed, making him arch and cry out in pleasure. Hannibal uses spit to breach his hole with one finger which quickly turns into two, scissoring them apart and stretching him, while working bruises on his hip bones and thighs. Will is a sight to behold he sure; he has suck marks in places that makes his face hot just thinking of, he's bleeding in quite a few places, his delicate skin no match for that mouth. He vaguely aware of the *sounds* he's making and their effect on the older man, they're spurring him on, making him growl into Will's skin.

Truth be told, Will is honestly impressed with the restraint the older man has shown till now; despite his own desire, Hannibal is making sure that Will is sufficiently prepared to receive him. Will has enough know how of anal sex to understand to expect some pain since they don't have lubricant but it's not enough to dissuade him. He's so desperate to feel Hannibal inside him that he begs the older man to hurry.

"Come on, come on, get inside me, Hannibal," he gasps, rolling his hips down those wicked fingers.

"Patience, dear," he says and pulls his fingers out, leaving Will horribly empty.

Will whines in protest, tugging at the other man shoulders until Hannibal relents and crawl up his body, setting between Will's legs.

“Do you have any idea how exquisite you are, *mio caro*?” Hannibal murmurs, his words completely in contrast with the filthy way he spits in his hand to wet his cock before nudging the head where Will is loose and aching to be filled.

Hannibal, not actually expecting an answer, pushes his hips forward, breaching Will with his cock. Much bigger than the fingers. Will arches away involuntarily, his body jerking away from the pain but Hannibal grabs his hips and pulls him back while pushing himself in until he’s all the way in, his hips flush with Will’s ass.

Will isn’t aware of the distressed whines he’s letting out or the reactionary tears streaming down his face until Hannibal cups his face, brushing them away with his thumbs. He shushes Will, murmuring apologies against Will’s wet cheek.

Will shakes his head, “It’s alright, I’m okay.” He gulps in shuddering breath, “Just give me a minute.”

“Of course, darling. However long you need.”

As requested Hannibal stay still inside him, letting Will get used to his hole stretched. It was going to be painful, Will knew that and he’s sure he’ll definitely regret letting himself be taken without proper preparation but even so, it isn’t enough to dissuade him. He wants this, he needs to have Hannibal inside him with a desperation he’s not accustomed to.

Hannibal bestows him with sweet pecks and encouraging praises as he wraps his fingers around Will’s cock and starts pleasuring him. The heat starts pooling in his gut, giving him a pleasant distraction from the burn of his hole stretched so much. He nods his assent when he feels like he isn’t going to split open, making the older man starts slowly rocking into him.

He groans, feeling his insides clutching the other man’s length as the pace picks up. What follow is the rough fucking Will has only dreamt about; Hannibal now properly pounding into him without any abandon, Will wailing at every thrust directed at his prostate. He claws at Hannibal’s back, writhing and squirming. It feels too much, the duel sensation of getting jacked off and his prostate stimulated at the same time.

Will watches Hannibal, dazed and incoherent, as the older man’s pants above him, his skin glistening with sweat. His eyes mapping every inch of Will’s skin to his satisfaction.

“Will,” he whispers and to Will it sounds like a confession. It sounds like *I love you*.

“Hannibal.” *I think I’m in love with you too.*

They move as one, both clutching the other desperately, mouth meeting in a heated kiss. Silencing their emotions. It’s too soon. Will is not ready to deal with his emotions, let alone Hannibal’s. And he’s sure the older man feels the same. They’re both hiding.

Will doesn’t worry about it, it’s natural to feel like they’re moving too fast in any relationship, and with Hannibal his whole life has turned upside down. He doesn’t want to add anything else to this until he gains some footing. He has time – they both have time to be with each other and show their feelings on their own pace. For now, he’s happy with just this.

Feeling himself getting closer to release, he wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist, urging the man to go faster. Hannibal obliges, tilting Will's hips in a way that his cock slams into Will's prostate directly, making his cock leak copiously. Will's moans crescendo into a scream as he comes hard. Painting both their chests with his release and clamping down on the cock inside him so hard that it's painful.

"*Oh fuck*, Hannibal."

Hannibal leans down, clamping his teeth in Will's shoulder, hips jerking wilding as he follows, filling Will up with his come.

Will feels wrung out, like Hannibal fucked his brains out. He has just enough awareness to return Hannibal's kisses but otherwise, FBI could be standing on the other side of the room with their guns and he wouldn't care. He winces as Hannibal pulls out before pulling apart his cheeks to inspect his hole, making Will's face burn in embarrassment.

"What's the damage?"

Hannibal grimaces, "You bled a little. I'm sorry."

"Hey, it's alright. It isn't so bad," he assures the man, "and I liked it."

"I'll apologize nonetheless."

"Well, you're forgiven. Just make sure we have lube next time."

"Of course, darling. Now rest, I have some things I need to take care before we leave."

Will hums in response, sighing contently as Hannibal settles against him, pulling him into those strong arms. He throws a leg over other man's waist, relishing the stretch of his sore muscles and falls asleep in just a couple of minutes.

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Will doesn't know how long he slept when Hannibal wakes him. Judging from the light filtering through the window, it can't be more than a few hours. He grumbles in protest, not wanting to wake up from the best sleep of his life but let himself be pulled to his feet.

The unpleasantness of come leaking out of him wakes him up enough that he takes a shower, cleaning himself as much as he can. When he emerges from the bathroom, naked and wet, Hannibal is waiting for him with clean and brand new towel and clothes. As he dresses up, he notices that Hannibal has cleaned up too. He's dressed in a nice pair of slacks and sweater, nothing fancy as he used to wear before his incarceration. Just the kind of clothes every respectable man is seen wearing, the kind that doesn't draw attention. Will is dressed in the similar manner. He wonders where the older man managed to procure clothes for them. He has also moved the body somewhere, which Will appreciate.

"Come, you must be hungry."

"What're we having?"

“Scramble eggs. I’m afraid the only other option was ‘Eggos’.”

Will chuckles at the sheer disgust Hannibal manages to pour in a single word. Hannibal is lucky that Chilton was afraid of him and didn’t feed Hannibal what the other inmates were given. That food makes Eggos look like a meal from five-star restaurant.

He picks up his fork and takes a bites, humming at the burst of flavor. “This is delicious, thank you.”

Hannibal presses a kiss on his cheek and moves about the place, checking and cleaning stuff. Will doesn’t understand the purpose of it; they don’t have time or means to rid of all the evidence of their presence in the house. In fact, he’s leaving more evidence. Something clicks in his head.

“Did you display Matthew’s body?”

“Not exactly. You’ll know soon enough, don’t worry about it,” the man answers, not turning towards him to answer.

He’s… nervous, Will realizes, of showing him. Does he think that Will is going to change his mind if he saw Matthew’s body – presumably – butchered and displayed? Is *he* going to? He doesn’t know, nor he tries to find out at this very moment.

He has no misunderstanding about who Hannibal Lecter is, he knows who he’s choosing to run away with, just like he knows that Hannibal isn’t going to give up his dietary preferences. And while Will doesn’t know how he’ll feel about murdering innocent people when it’s inevitably going to happen, he does know that he wants to be with Hannibal and he’ll do whatever he can to achieve it. And he says as much to the man.

Hannibal’s face turns soft, affection evident in his features as he cups Will’s face and pulls him into a breathtaking kiss.

“You’re something else, Will Graham.”

By the time Hannibal is satisfied by the state of the house, and they’re driving away, it’s well past noon. Ideal time to mix into the usual traffic. Will is itching to ask so many questions; he wants to know if Hannibal snuck out of the house while he was sleeping and why? Where did he find the money to buy new clothes for them? What else has he been doing while he was out? But he settles for just asking where they’re going.

“I have a safe house a couple of miles outside Virginia. We’ll meet Chiyoh there; she’s my cousin. I got a message to her when I was in BSHCI. She was supposed to bring me new documents; ID and passport.”

Will move past many interesting points of that explanation and instead focuses on the important thing. “Are we going to fly out of country?”

“Yes, but we’ll have to wait until Chiyoh can forge new documents for you too.”

Will turns towards Hannibal. “Is that safe?”

“I believe so. If not, we can always buy a boat and sail.”

“You know how to sail?”

“My skills are passable, but I think Chiyoh and you can manage. I remember you telling me that you’re something of an expert.”

“Ha. Expert is stretching a bit but I can take us anywhere you want. If we have enough supplies, of course.”

“Of course.”

Hannibal curls his fingers around Will’s hand, giving it a squeeze. Will grins. Such a simple gesture and it makes him giddy with happiness.

Happiness.

Such a foreign concept to him before meeting Hannibal. It’s says something about him that he’s hitching himself to a cannibal serial killer, but that’s alright. People do terrible things for love. And he is madly in love.

Chapter End Notes

Cheers to everyone who commented and left kudos, I can't explain how much I appreciate it. Without your encouragement I would have abandoned it too so seriously thank you. Special shout out to "SingleLady200" for being so enthusiastic about this story and reaching out to me on discord and twitter to talk (btw you're all welcome to come talk to me anytime, I'm also going to be hosting a vote for my next fic on Twitter , come join if you're interested!)

There's going to be a short epilogue for this story that I'll post soon so keep an eye on that. In the mean time please show some love to my other fics too. Take care everyone, I'll see you soon!

- Kai

Epilogue

Chapter by Kai_99

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few months later…

In Florence, Hannibal takes on the identity of one Doctor Roman Fell, and Will takes of his husband; Clyde Fell. It's annoying, having to remember to call Hannibal by his fake name in public but he makes do. His other option is opting pet names like Hannibal uses for him. Though Will has no complain being called *darling, my love, my heart* in so many languages, it's not his forte. He simply tugs the older man's sleeve or presses their bodies together to gain attention. Hannibal just gives him an amused look but doesn't complain much.

In fact, Hannibal has been very accommodating since they got here. Will has expected Hannibal to be as extravagant as the man was famous for; three piece suits with dramatic color and patterns, throwing dinner parties for the elites of the city, murdering people left and right, and creating elaborate tableaus. But much to Will's surprise Hannibal has been happy living away from all the lime light.

They have a small cottage on the outskirts of the city, it provides them some much needed privacy and is close enough to the city that the frequent trips can be made easily. Will joins Hannibal more often than not, he likes strolling through the streets, his hand clasped in the older man's as he is shown all the beautiful things the city has to offer, just like Hannibal promised. He even accompanies Hannibal on the hunts sometimes. Will has yet to participate in hunting and butchering, for the time being he's happy just observing. He likes watching Hannibal in his element, his focus completely on capturing their victim without drawing any attention or causing much harm to their pig. He likes Hannibal completely unmasked as he demonstrates best ways to acquire and preserve meat and organs. And he likes eating whatever Hannibal cooks for him.

He thought that he would have reservations about cannibalizing but truth be told, the food is always so mouthwatering that he eagerly graces Hannibal's table.

He also shares Hannibal's bed enthusiastically. When they arrived here first, Hannibal had presented him with a room of his own, explaining that Will is welcome to join him anytime but he won't mind if they still keep their own space. Will has declined on the spot. He knew that if he waited he'll overthink and then chicken out if he has to ask Hannibal to let him stay with him. Hearing his answer, Hannibal had carried him to the master bedroom and proceeded to cristian it thoroughly. Will woke up next morning with his stuff placed

alongside Hannibal's in their bedroom and it had filled him with so much giddy happiness that he smiled like an idiot for the whole day.

Being with Hannibal fills him with the joy and contentedness he has previously just heard other express. He had thought that it was just the honeymoon phase that makes him want to be with Hannibal all the time. He follows the man from room to room, like a duckling. It used to embarrass him until he realizes that Hannibal feels the same way. The feeling didn't fade away, instead it mellows out once they both confess their love for each other. They had cried a little, and then laughed with tear stained face between kisses.

Honestly, between spending his waking hours lavished with Hannibal's attention and all the luxuries the man is hell bend on exposing him to, he didn't give much thought to the reality of being on the run with a convicted serial killer. He trusted Hannibal to keep them safe and move them if they were in danger of discovery, and when Hannibal didn't give any indication that the life they're making is under any threat he never felt the need to be on guard.

When one evening, out of curiosity, he grabs their shared iPad and opens the browser to search their names, his bubble shatters. He couldn't believe his eyes, he kept reading and rereading, as if what he's seeing is just a mistake but everywhere it's the same thing. With shaking hands, he opens the link to the TattleCrime, as all these articles have used it for the source material. It seems Freddie Lounds has published an article two days after they ran away.

"WILL GRAHAM: AN INNOCENT MAN CRUCIFIED FOR THE GAINS OF THE INCOMPETENT FBI"

-

Disclaimer: This article covers many disturbing themes, be sure to proceed at your own risk.

Dear readers, as you all know, I've been following the workings of the FBI pretty closely for some time now, and in doing so I've uncovered many shocking discoveries. In the center of many of these have been Agent Jack Crawford, the head of Behavioral Science Unit of the FBI. You may remember him because of his involvement in getting his trainee nearly killed [LINK] by the infamous serial killer; The Chesapeake Ripper aka Hannibal Lecter [LINK].

Jack Crawford has been known for being very 'persistent' about getting things done his way. I've been told by an anonymous person working under Jack that manipulation and outright threatening people is a very common behavior. I'm also included on list of many people Crawford has used for his gains under the treats of false lawsuits. People have complained and were unsurprisingly ignored, the result of which is that today a man is suffering because of that.

Reader, I've covered many articles about Will Graham [LINK], and I'm ashamed to admit that I fell for the lies Jack wanted the world to see. Of course, I always suspected something a

foul was happening and did an extensive search for truth, and I'm happy to tell you that it bore fruit.

Turns out Will Graham is not a psychopath who loves hunting others of his kind to quench his thirst for violence, instead he is a dog loving, mild mannered, quiet man who just wants everyone to leave him alone. Graham's Empathy Disorder and unique neurosis has made him a favorite topic among the psychiatric circles. This is where Crawford was made aware of Graham's existence. Crawford bullied Graham to help solve the Minnesota Shrike's case [LINK], after which Graham mental stability was heavily affected. Crawford outright refused Graham's appeal to quit at one point and worked the man until Graham was on the verge of breaking. Outside intervention, in the form of Dr. Alana Bloom, helped Graham escape from the clutches of Crawford. Not that the man left Graham alone after that, he forced Graham to work for Fredrick Chilton; a man currently on the run from the FBI after his crimes were exposed [LINK].

Crawford's intentions were to put Will under so much stress that the man would beg to come back to the FBI. And it would have worked; Graham had lost his house, his beloved dogs [Picture attached below] and everyone he considered friends. But Crawford didn't foresee Chilton conducting his own experiments on Graham. Chilton has been exposing Will Graham to the most violent personalities the hospital has to offer, just to see how Graham's empathy would come to play. During this time, Graham came across Hannibal Lecter.

Hannibal Lecter, who is famous for having a hand in the making of many serial killers [LINK], when given access to Graham's spectacular mind, couldn't resist playing a deadly game of cat and mouse with the man. His infatuation with Graham can only be described as obsession. We have uncovered footage of Lecter cornering Graham many times and assaulting him [LINK], which the FBI was trying very hard to hide. They went as far as blaming Graham for Lecter's escape; just so they could have someone to shift the blame on. My personal belief is that Crawford was hoping to arrest Graham and have unrestricted access to force the man to do his work for him.

And if all this is not enough to convince you to leave a like and subscribe to my page, just wait until you read what I have in store for you. A few hours earlier, I discovered Hannibal Lecter's hiding place through an anonymous tip!

While the FBI was busy finding a patsy for their mistakes, Hannibal Lecter has been living right under their nose. Lecter had struck some deal with one of the nurses at the BSHCI, named Matthew Brown, who actually helped Lecter escape and was housing the man. After some search I came to know that Matthew has a record of stalking his previous paramours. It remains unclear if his reason for helping Lecter was that he developed some sort of 'crush' on the man as he was found dead on his property. His body desecrated in the typical manner of the Ripper's victims [pictures added below], though surprisingly, no organs were found missing.

The most shocking discovery is what was found in Brown's house. It seems the man was a psychopath in making. He had a full room turned into a cell, complete with metal bars, and manacles attached to the walls. And Lecter made full use of that after kidnapping Graham.

We can't say how long Will Graham was missing for, as the news of his disappearance was not made public – upon asking, Jack Crawford has stated that Graham disappeared just last night [LINK of the full statement]. I'm having a tough time believing this, both because Crawford is a pathological liar and because of the state of the house; there are clear signs of someone living in the cell for many days. It is glaringly clear that Will was kidnapped and imprisoned by Lecter.

Moreover, from the traces of semen and blood found on the mattress of the cell, it is clear that Hannibal Lecter has been sexually assaulting Will Graham [pictures linked below].

I can't say that it didn't shock me to discover this. I'm sure nobody would expect that from the well-mannered man; even in captivity he was never found to be discourteous toward anyone. To learn that he has done something so vile shakes me to my core.

As of now, Lecter has fled. Where? We can't say, but one thing is clear; he has Graham in his clutches. I fear that Graham is well and truly doomed now as he's subjected to life-long suffering, if not a painful death by the hands of Hannibal Lecter.

In this whole situation, I blame the FBI and the incompetent people they've hired. I believe Graham could have been saved if the FBI were doing their jobs instead of painting Graham a villain. An innocent man is suffering because people like Jack Crawford and Frederick Chilton are left unchecked to ruin other people's lives. I ask; how long the FBI is going to ignore this? How many innocents must be sacrificed before they'll realize they're no better than the psychopaths they're hunting?

At the end, I implore you, dear readers, to share this article as much as you can. The only way we can help Will is to tell the world the truth of how he was presented to Hannibal Lecter on a silver platter by the FBI.

Stay tuned for further updates! In the meanwhile, check out the list of other articles related to this case that I've written [LINK].

Will puts the tablet down with shaking hands. Rage clouding his vision until all he can think is to fly to the states and kill Freddie himself. It won't be difficult; all these articles and news are months old, they're not a top priority case anymore. He can be in and out of country without alerting the FBI, he can kill Lounds at his leisure and no one would suspect anything. Freddie has made enough enemies that no one would even bat an eye if she turned up brutally murdered.

He'll make sure she'll pay for every vile word he uttered about Hannibal. He'll take her tongue, he'll take her eyes, he'll take her hands. All the things she uses to spew poison and lies.

How could she? How could Hannibal let her say this?

Will is under no illusion that this has somehow escaped Hannibal's notice. It's impossible. This is all every news channel and website is talking about. He feels sick even thinking about it, how can Hannibal deal with this.

Suddenly Will is reassessing their every conversation and Hannibal's behavior in early days to see if he has missed something. Any sign or any off handed comment that would have alerted him to the dilemma the older man must have been going through, but he comes across nothing. Hannibal has been his usual cheery self.

If Will didn't know better, he would think that he doesn't know Hannibal at all. That he can't see the real man under that mask. But he can read Hannibal like the back of his hand. So if Hannibal has been unbothered about it, it means he has a hand in it somehow. Because he knows that Hannibal takes immense pride in his image, and to see it ruined like this, to be accused of such a disgusting thing, he wouldn't have sat quietly. He would have done every single thing to Freddie Lounds what Will is imagining right now and made sure the whole world knows the truth.

So why hasn't he? Why is he ignoring it? Why didn't he tell Will?

Will sits in the study, his wine forgotten, not moving a muscle in fear of what he might do as he waits for Hannibal to come home. He went out an hour ago to meet Chiyoh. She lives in a modest apartment in the city, only twenty minutes of drive away from them. She hasn't said it outright but Will knows she doesn't trust him, she expects him to change his mind any day and betray Hannibal. Will was immensely offended at first but then Hannibal told him that Chiyoh is the only living family he has, and Will had to suck it up. He doesn't hate Chiyoh per se but her distrust annoys him. He has decided to ignore it for Hannibal's sake, she'll warm up to him in time. For now, they're both happy glaring at each other and trading cutting remarks, much to Hannibal amusement.

Will remain where he is when he hears a car drive up the house. He listens Hannibal make a detour to the sitting room for some reason before coming to stand in the study's doorway, where Will is found most evenings reading books or making lures.

"Good evening, Will," Hannibal greets, coming closer to press a kiss on Will's head. Usually Will welcomes him with open arms to exchange warm kisses and when that doesn't happen it becomes clear to the older man that something is amiss. "Is everything is alright?"

In answer, Will hands over the tablet, shuffling past him to pour himself whiskey. Carrying his glass back, he sits and takes a generous sip, relishing the burn. He watches Hannibal takes a cursory glance at the article before placing it back on the table. Conforming Will's suspicion that he knew already.

"So, you *do* know."

"As do you now it seems."

"Tell me why you know?"

“I gave Freddie that anonymous tip,” the man declares, sitting next to Will. Ample space between them to not touch.

“Hannibal, I’m very fucking pissed right now so stop being cryptic and explain to me what the fuck did you do?”

Hannibal stares at his face for a minute, probably contemplating if he can weather Will’s anger by refusing to tell, but makes the wise decision. “Remember the day we fled,” he begins, “when you were sleeping, I had some time to think. My mind kept coming back to what you said; how Jack was going to blame you for everything, and how you didn’t have any choice. So I gave you a choice, Will.

“I called Freddie and told her if she’ll do what I asked, I won’t come to fulfill my promise to her. I didn’t have to do much except give her Matthew’s house address, and permission to tell the world what I did to you. She was smart enough to figure out everything else on her own.”

“You let yourself be called a rapist just so people would know I didn’t help you escape?”

“Its – ”

“Are you insane!? Hannibal, I’m not innocent, I willingly came with you and let you kill people. I eat people, Hannibal! Why would you – it doesn’t matter to me what they think! I consented!”

Will is aware that he’s practically shouting, but it can’t be helped. He’s too upset to worry about anything.

“It matters to me. I want you to have a choice.”

Will laughs hysterically, “You did that to yourself all because of an off handed comment I made.”

“It was not my intention to upset you, darling,” when Will refuses to be placated, he sighs, “Don’t you see; I secured your future, Will.”

“What?” he asks, his brows furrowed.

“Everyone thinks you’re my victim, they expect me to keep you locked somewhere. This changes the direction of their search drastically, they’ll be looking for just me. Not two men living together happily. And if they ever manage to capture us, you can avoid imprisonment.”

“Do you think I’m so shallow that I’ll let you tell the world you kept me against my will? That you’ve been raping me just so I won’t get imprisoned?”

“Of course not, that’s why I didn’t wanted to tell you.”

“Were you ever going to tell me?”

“Eventually, yes. You needed to mentally prepare to convince them of your… of your abuse.”

“You can’t even say it without looking nauseous and you expect me to convince them that you’ve been raping me. You expect too much from me.”

“I have immense faith in you, Will. You will convince them however you need to, you’ll spin them stories and provide them ample proof of my cruelty to set yourself free.”

“I won’t do it.”

“The possibility of it happening is very low, but if it does happen; you will.”

“If you’re apprehended, I’m getting myself arrested too.”

Hannibal chuckles, as if he’s a child arguing about something particularly dump with his parents. “You’ll give up the chance of helping me escape again?” At Will’s surprised look, he explains, “Chiyoh and I have worked on many plans in case I’m ever apprehended again. Breaking out two people is relatively harder than one and it’ll be easier with you on our side. And if that fails somehow, you’ll be free to visit me at least, maybe even cook me long pig once in a while. Hmm?”

“You… I can’t believe you’re joking right now.”

Sensing that the storm has passed, Hannibal takes his chances and draw Will in his arms. Unable to resist, Will let himself be held. Tension draining out of his body as the minutes pass. He doesn’t want to, but he does understand where Hannibal is coming from. His logic, however unhinged, is doable. It could work. Hannibal has already told the story; Will would just have to play the part.

With FBI already under fire from the public outrage at Jack’s treatment of him, it won’t be difficult convincing them. And now that he’s not letting emotions hinder his thinking he can admit that, objectively speaking it’s not a bad plan. It’s just that he can’t stand watching Hannibal be labelled a rapist, let alone play a role in doing so.

“I don’t think I’ll be able to, Hannibal.”

“Then let it be for now. If the need to use it ever comes, you can do whatever you want. It’ll be your choice.”

Will groans, already knowing that if it came down to it, he’ll do everything in his power to get Hannibal back to him. Even if… even if it’s doing this.

“I… I won’t promise that I’ll do it, I’m not even sure that I’ll be able to, but I’ll keep it as an option.”

“You have no idea of your own potential, darling. When you’re cornered you fight viciously.”

“Like an animal?”

“Like a magnificent beast,” he replies, tilting Will’s face towards him for a kiss.

Will huffs, pushing the older man away playfully, “I haven’t forgiven you yet so don’t try to be cute with me.”

“Well in that case, I applaud my foresight that I’ve acquire just the thing to earn your forgiveness,” Hannibal stands, offering his hand, “Come.”

His curiosity gets the better of him and he follows Hannibal to the study room. Hannibal walks up to the sofa and picks up a bunched up throw blanket, cradling it close to his chest. The bundle squirms and let out a little whine but at Hannibal’s hushing it calms. For a hysterical moment Will thinks it’s a baby, but nearly doubles over as Hannibal removes the blanket enough that Will can see a small kitten.

He gasps, shuffling over automatically. “Hannibal, where did you get it?” he whispers, trailing one finger on its furry head.

“She,” he corrects, “I know you miss your dogs, Will. I can’t bring them back but I want you to grow your pack again. Since the heat from authorities have lessened, I believe we’re safe to keep residence here for as long as we want. I had Chiyoh look out for any stray animals a few days ago, I’ll spare you the details but she’s the only surviving member of her family. I know this is not a dog but I thought you’d like to have her anyways.”

“Hannibal, I love her.” He scoops the kitten gently from the blankets, noting its gray and black furs. He’s not very aware of cat breeds. Truth be told, he wasn’t aware of dog’s breed either but he learned whatever he could through internet and vets to care for them. He pets the kitten, cooing at her softly. He can’t help but pressing his lips on her little head.

“She isn’t washed yet, please refrain from doing it until then,” even as Hannibal chasten him, he’s smiling. Clearly amused by Will’s love for animals. Will rolls his eyes.

“She’s adorable, I’m keeping her.”

“I assume I’m forgiven.”

“You are, you bastard” Will says, turning his face for a kiss but Hannibal steps away.

“Oh no, not with that mouth.”

Will laughs, cradling the kitten high on his chest, “Look, Abby. Daddy is being mean again.”

Hannibal grins and wraps his arms around Will’s waist, pecking his cheek. Together they look down at the small kitten. “Abby?”

“Short for Abigail.”

“Ah, of course. It suits her.”

Will smiles at the older man. He knows Hannibal knows about Abigail Hobbs and what she meant to him, and how devastated he was when he couldn’t save her. He aware that any psychiatrist worth their money would have a thing or two to say about this but fuck them.

He’s bringing back a teacup, as Hannibal says. He’ll have a full set very soon, one for each stray he lost.

He chuckles thinking all the fuss Hannibal is subjecting himself. But for Will, he’ll do anything. From bringing in strays into their home to indulging his cravings for junk food to tarnishing his name; he’ll do anything. And so will Will.

Will sighs, letting his head fall on Hannibal’s shoulder, swaying slowly. Happy beyond comprehension.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is actually what inspired me to write this story, hope it was a satisfying read :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!